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RUSSIA
THE BALKANS
AND
THE DARDANELLES

GRANVILLE FORTESCUE

C. W. Shoemaker
Washington, D.C.
March 28
1916

RUSSIA THE BALKANS
AND THE DARDANELLES

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

AT THE FRONT
WITH THREE ARMIES

My Adventures in the Great War

By GRANVILLE FORTESCUE.

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RUSSIA THE BALKANS AND THE DARDANELLES

By

GRANVILLE FORTESCUE

Special Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*

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TO
THE OFFICERS AND MEN
OF THE
MEDITERRANEAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,
IN APPRECIATION OF THEIR
HEROISM.

PREFACE

IN this book I try to record some battle pictures in Poland. I also endeavour to give a general impression of the military and political situation in the Balkans. Finally I write of what I have seen in the Dardanelles.

What is here written about Poland I pray may stir the chord of sympathy in my reader for that saddened nation. In Belgium I thought I had seen a people draining the very dregs of the cup of misery. I could not conceive a more bitter potion. But the torment of Belgium does not surpass the torture of Poland. Here is a nation suffering the pangs of crucifixion.

The Fates pause before writing the destiny of the Balkans. May these peoples receive the light. It well may be that the foredoom of Europe is in the keeping of these states.

“Does England know the glory of her sons?” This question has come to me many times since I have returned from the Dardanelles. Can the country squire, the city man, the woman with husband, son or lover fighting in Thrace read

PREFACE

between the lines of Sir Ian Hamilton's picturesque reports? If so, they know that the bravest deeds of their past history are daily matched in the Dardanelles. I have stood on the ruined walls of Troy and seen the mighty deeds of the ancients outdone by a handful of Britons.

LONDON,
September, 1915.

TABLE OF CHAPTERS

CHAP.	PAGE
I WITH THE GUNS	15
II WARSAW	39
III IN THE FIRE TRENCHES.	55
IV THE RUSSIAN ARMY	75
V RUSSIA'S CAMPAIGNS IN POLAND	99
VI RUSSIA'S CAMPAIGNS IN POLAND (<i>continued</i>)	113
VII THE PLIGHT OF POLAND	127
VIII AN INTERLUDE	143
IX THE BREAK-UP OF AUSTRIA	151
X THE BALKAN IMBROGLIO	169
XI CONSTANTINOPLE	199
XII GALLI POLI	215
XIII DOWN THE DARDANELLES	233
XIV THE MILITARY SITUATION IN THE DARDANELLES	245
XV WAR PROBLEMS	265

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACES PAGE
A battle scene at night	22
The crisis in the winter fight for Warsaw (<i>map</i>) . .	34
Fighting as seen through a glass. Only an agitated line is visible	}
The agitated line as it really is	}
<i>Between pp. 40 & 41</i>	
Sochaczew, under fire incessantly for thirty days, now is but the skeleton of a town	56
Russian officers in front of Headquarters dug-out . .	66
German positions on the Bzura	68
Russian soldier firing in the front line trenches . .	71
A correspondent at the front with the Russian Army, standing beside a field kitchen	86
The front trenches overlooking the Bzura were dug under fire and have little protective head cover . .	89
A pontoon bridge across the Vistula	108
Battle of the Bzura.	120
A transport crossing the Vistula	136
The 30·2 Austrian gun	160
The Bulgarian soldier stands ready to fight for his country's freedom	182
Bulgarian cavalry in Sofia	188
The little town of Nish is crowded with the Court, the Army headquarters, and the cripples	192

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACES PAGE
British submarines in the Sea of Marmora. The sinking of the " Stamboul "	200
Turkish transports crossing the straits of the Dardanelles	208
The Golden Horn	216
Watching for Submarines in the Sea of Marmora . .	220
Camel transport carry the staples of war—bread and barbed wire—to the Turkish trenches . . .	223
During the first bombardment Chanak was shelled by the British guns, and only the wreck of a town remains	224
The cats of Chanak	226
Old stone ammunition for the ancient guns of Kilid Bahr	229
Water buffalo are used as transport on the Asiatic plains	234
A Turkish camp on the banks of Simois river, hidden by plane trees from the English aviators . . .	236
A Turkish trench on the Walls of Troy	238
Turkish soldiers on the E 15	245
Turkish soldiers off duty at Kilid Bahr	247
The giant shell of the " Queen Elizabeth " broke into only ten pieces	256
Turkish graves on a hill-side in Gallipoli	268

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WITH THE GUNS

RUSSIA THE BALKANS AND THE DARDANELLES

CHAPTER I WITH THE GUNS

A RED flare shows out of the distant haze that covers the plain of Poland. Then over the snow rolls a faint " Boom ! " The note is the same as that sounded by the drummer of the Covent Garden orchestra when he is carefully testing his bass drum. Hardly has this deep reverberation ended, when from the heavens there comes the soul-sickening screech that marks the course of a shell. An earth-shaking explosion ends the flight of this cone of death. Then the air is filled with a hundred bits of biting iron that hum through space with such a song as might have been sung by a primordial bumblebee.

Again and again this sequence of sound repeats itself. It continues from morning to the fall of night with hardly a pause. In their struggle to cross the Bzura River the Germans sow the fields of Poland with scrap iron. As long as

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

there is light by which to sight their guns the German batteries boom out this chorus of cannon-ading. When night falls, rockets show the gun pointers the range.

The Russians call the noise of the cannons music. If it be music, in this battle-opera the song of the shell is the fighting *motif*. From first to last it runs through all the noises of the conflict. It seems to shriek of smashing death.

The modern battle in winter is a heart-breaking game. I have been watching the gunners of one of the Russian batteries. They go through each motion of loading and firing with that mechanical stiffness which is the sure indication of muscles put to the last test. The grey nose of the gun sticks out over the emplacement, which makes a splash of brown on the white snow. One or two fir-trees, mockeries of Christmas, are set up in the soft earth of the beet field, and behind these the soldiers in their long mud-grey coats and heavy boots jam the brass-cased shrapnel in the barrel, close the grating breech and lock it with a clank. The pointer stoops over the sights. He straightens up and blows on his frost-nipped fingers. He steps back out of the circle of coming recoil as an officer gives two words of command. A tense moment follows, then the gun belches out its gaseous smoke and flame with an ear-stunning roar. The officer

AND THE DARDANELLES

fixes his glasses on a distant point where a German battery has been located. While he watches for the result of the shot, his men go through for the hundredth time the motions of loading.

As far as I can see to the north over the plain of Poland the same picture is repeated. It reminds you of a cinematograph camera film where the action has little variation. But there is variation. Time and again miniature volcanic explosions spring out of the snow. A crash and a cloud of smoke tell where a German shell has landed. When the smoke clears there is a new black blot, like an ink stain, on the snow. The field behind the batteries is thick with these spots.

It was about two hours' ride in a motor from Warsaw to the gun positions that defended the Bzura River. Except that the road was jammed with an endless procession of transports, the trip could have been managed much more quickly. If you live in London, think of two enormous armies, locked in a death struggle, about as far away as Ascot. With the proper credentials you could live at the *Bristol Hotel* in the Polish capital, and make daily trips to the firing line.

I made my first visit to the front in a four-seated taxi, which is the vehicle of the modern war correspondent. Along Jerusalem Road we passed a Siberian Infantry regiment with a battered brass band leading. The soldiers wore

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

long mud-coloured coats, fuzzy grey hats and black half boots, which sank almost to their tops in mud.

I judge half the sheep on the steppes must have been skinned to make linings for Russian army overcoats.

We had hardly passed the *faubourgs* of Warsaw before we met a dozen German soldiers coming in under a Cossack guard. Two officers marched defiantly in front and the soldiers followed, carrying heads erect, with "Pickle-haube" pointed sky-wards. Soon after we had lost sight of these, a cart overflowing with damaged rifles came clanking through the mud. They were bound for the foundries to be remade and later reissued. Russia has many more soldiers than rifles.

It is not easy, when motoring through the artery that feeds an immense army, to paint the passing picture. I have seen so many supply carts pulled by brave-hearted Siberian ponies that the sight of a train stretching on end three miles leaves no visible brain impression. It is these ponies that are saving the Russian army. Motor transport could never compete with the light Russian cart and horse power. When a motor goes out and back to the front it takes a day of cleaning to make it fit to run again. But the double stream of Russian wagons, coming and going, never halts. Beyond my understanding

AND THE DARDANELLES

was the patience of the drivers. The American mule-whacker spouts an almost continuous stream of oaths when he works, and if blasphemy were energy he would create the swiftest moving supply corps in the world. But the Russian driver hardly ever raises his voice. This is literally true. I have seen two carts, when the half-trained ponies had been frightened by our motor, up-ended in a ditch by the road-side. The drivers got up smiling and with a simple "Nitchewo" (it does not matter) laboured to get back in place.

Beyond miles of transport we came suddenly upon the camp of the Askabad Cossacks. They are the most picturesque corps on the fighting-line. They wear a long loose sheepskin-lined coat with the outside hide dyed a brilliant mustard yellow. Their hats are nearly as large and of the same shape as the British Grenadiers, but instead of bear-skin they are covered with black shaggy sheeps' wool. The flat, brown, almost round faces of the men marked them as the connecting link between modern and ancient Mongol Russia. Mount one of these on a rough-coated Siberian pony, and you have as wild a rider as ever dashed over the steppe.

Leaving the camp of the Askabads, I notice troops at work on a telephone line. They look like giants' fishing-poles, these jointed field telephone supports. I wonder if Professor Bell ever

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

imagined what service in war his invention would provide. The galloping orderly is now almost as extinct as the herald. His place is taken by these long lines of copper wire, that lead to every angle of the front. Of course, you expect to find telephones behind the batteries' positions; but what is new is seeing them leading to the most advanced trenches. This is in line with the new trench-warfare development. Often the copper wires carry an urgent call for reinforcements in the time an orderly would take in mounting his horse.

Poland is as flat as a plate and reminds one of the drab Illinois prairie. Before the snow fell it presented the most desolate picture I have ever seen. The Kalish road with its border of winter-whipped trees leads through an unending succession of potato and beet fields; but there is no one here to gather this crop, which rots in the ground. We passed a few villages, islands of plaster houses in a sea of mud. They were crowded with a conglomerate mass of soldiers. Long since had the civil population been evicted from their homes.

Such a town was Blonie, our first stop. Here we had tea. It is the Russian custom to keep the kettle boiling all day and night, and many a wounded, weary soldier has found the cup that cheers a life saver. We were the guests of the

AND THE DARDANELLES

surgeon of a hospital dépôt which supplied two dressing stations on the firing line. With the tea he passed me a little vial.

"Ten drops is the dose," he said in a matter-of-fact tone. It was anti-cholera mixture.

Crates of bandages and boxes of medicines were piled up about us just outside the circle of light thrown by the table lamp. In the next room were three wounded—a Russian, his head swathed in bandages with only his eyes peering through, and two Germans. The latter looked up alertly when they heard me talking English.

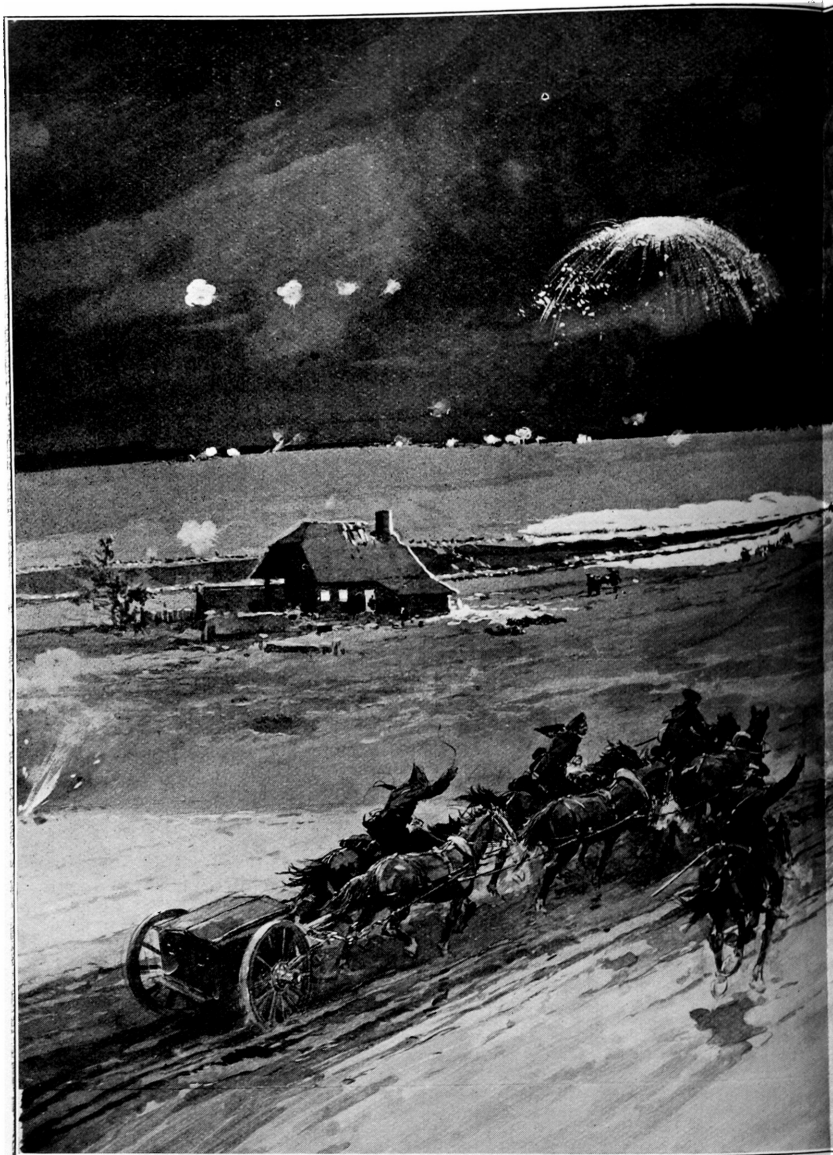
Once more under way, five minutes outside of Blonie we heard the booming of guns ; the sound was that of breakers in a storm. Each minute it grew louder, and soon the sky in the west was lit by flashes that might have been summer lightning. Blonie is but fifteen miles from the Bzura, and we covered twelve of these before our motor turned south.

Here a glorious panorama of night fighting opened before us. The moon shone behind grey clouds, shedding a soft radiance, just strong enough to shape the shadows. On the western horizon flash after flash of firelight would spring out of the darkness. These were the distant German guns. Nearer to us the Russian batteries were firing, each piece cutting a red dash of flame into the blackness before its muzzle.

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

Then the long arm of a searchlight shoots across the heavens, bringing house, fence and road into clear outline. Irresolutely it wanders over the plain as if seeking something it could not find. At last it drops its shining beam into a ravine and holds it there. Suddenly a blazing rocket shot up into the heavens and burst into a shower of silver stars. As they fell slowly the country beneath was lightened in high relief. Then in the very centre of the picture against the sky appeared a blood-red ball of fire. In a twinkling it died, only to be followed by three others. These were German shrapnel.

While the eye was entranced with this sight the ear was jarred by an unending succession of irregular explosions. Sometimes three bass notes of the lowest octave would boom out almost together, and then would follow a series of single air-rocking detonations. All at once I catch a glimpse of another line of lights. They look like a row of pin points pricked into the black curtain of the night. They spark and darken like fire-flies, to an accompanying rat-tat-tat-tat-tat, like the sound the small boy enjoys when he scrapes a board along an iron grating or fence. These lights mark the line of the infantry. A hand's breadth beyond, so it seems in the darkness, another line of sparks appears. These fly out from the enemy's trenches. Suddenly a gash



A battle scene



the at night.

AND THE DARDANELLES

of red fire stabs the night from this same line and above the rattle of the musketry comes the sharp, regular echoes of a machine gun.

With the tide of the fighting at its highest it is impossible to distinguish the rifle fire of friend and foe. It all blends into one strident chorus. As I watch I see the enemy's line of fire creeping nearer. The Russian infantry break into a blaze of sparks, and the racket of their rifles almost drowns the barking of the cannons. Then, as if blown by a sudden breeze, the lights go out. But not for long. Where the muskets had blazed before is now a hell of exploding shells. This sudden change in the picture tells its own tale. For the moment the Russians have been forced out of their trenches. The flames of the machine guns go out suddenly, to light up again in the captured position. For some hours the Germans hold on, but all at once their firing stops as if smothered by a blanket. The sputtering mitrailleuses choke and die. I have heard a great many tales of the Russian bayonet charges. "The bullet is a fool, the bayonet a trusty fellow," is their old saying.

Down in the distant darkness it is steel against fire, and steel is winning. It is hard to picture in the mind the dramas enacted in that black ravine. It was too far away for human sounds to carry. I was glad of that.

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

Stiff with the cold I walked back to the dressing station.

"There'll be plenty of wounded to-night," remarked my companion. His words were verified as we entered the clean white-walled operating room. On a stretcher, its canvas stained with rusty smudges, lay a figure in drab. A doctor in a white oilcloth apron bent over this broken soldier. Two nurses also in white, their hair bound in spotless handkerchiefs, stood ready with bandages. The man had been struck by bits of a shell. There was a great gash in the inside of his upper leg and another across his arm.

While he lay on the operating table the wounded began to arrive. The slightly hurt, which means men with a bullet hole through hand or arm or scalp, make their way back to the dressing station from the trenches alone. The badly wounded are carried back at night by the company's stretcher bearers to a protected point in the rear. From here they are gathered up in carts sent from the dressing station. It must be remembered that on a peace footing there is never any adequate preparation by an army for the proper evacuation of the wounded. So when actual conflict breaks out many details of this important work must be improvised. Here two-wheeled farm carts serve as ambulances. As they are

AND THE DARDANELLES

built without springs the trip to the dressing station is one of terrible suffering. The slightest mis-handling as the men are lifted in or out brings from these battered humans cries of anguish. From the dressing station the wounded were taken by cart, motor ambulance, and train to Warsaw.

Most of the wounded were incoherent and could give no details of the fighting. A man in the trenches sees little of how the action is going. During the fighting the line becomes a zigzag of attack and counter-attack. So it may continue for days. This is the discouraging part of modern war. Decisions are so long delayed.

Gun fire continued all night. The windows of the house in which the dressing station was established were kept in a constant rattle. All during the dark hours the wounded made their way back to this haven. With the rapidity of long practice the doctors repaired as well as they could the damage done by shot and shell, and sent the broken soldiers back to base hospitals.

The next morning it was snowing. The sun threw a pale white light through the mass of grey clouds that covered the sky. During the night the brown plain of Poland turned to an eye-dazzling white. Against this background the black trees, a bit of wooded country, a solitary house made dark shadings. Across the snow

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

marched a slow-moving line of Siberians. Their grey *papas*, high sheeps' wool hats, were pulled down well over their ears. Their mud-grey overcoats hung almost to their heels. The long, thin, vicious-looking bayonet was fixed on every gun carried aslant their shoulders. They were on their way to relieve the troops who have been holding the Bzura trenches all night. We passed three hooded Cossacks coming from the direction of Sochaczew, who had evidently been patrolling the road. Their sheepskin cloaks flapped on the ponies' backs as they rode on towards camp and breakfast. The ponies' noses were close to the ground. They were tired.

Now we were in line with the battery positions. Two soldiers carrying a basket of shrapnel cases staggered through the snow. One after the other the bull-throated guns roared out on the still air. But the firing was slow. It brought to mind a boxer who has lost his steam. From the wood that marked the banks of the Bzura came another noise. It was the "pop-pop-pop pau-u-u" of rifle fire. Mingled with this was the recurrent burst of machine gun shooting, but throughout it all, one sensed the effort, the fatigue of the men operating these engines of warfare. As the sun brightened the crashing of the small arms intensified. It sounded heaviest to the north, but before noon it broke out in the south. Here the

AND THE DARDANELLES

Germans were making one of their desperate attempts to cross the river.

“We let them get into the water up to their armpits, then we shoot. Killed and wounded float down with the tide.” So it was a general of cavalry described to me the Russian method of repulsing the assaults.

For the moment Sochaczew was not under fire. Our chauffeur said much in Russian when we told him that we intended to have a look at the village that had been the storm centre of the fighting. But evidently he decided that he would give us enough of that town in one visit. We chugged through the silent streets and never paused until the machine stood at the top of the rise leading down to the waters of the Bzura. If the bridge had been standing, that chauffeur might have run us right on to Thorn, for all he seemed to care for the Germans. When we did stop, six singing bullets sped overhead. The enemy's trenches were about four hundred yards up the other side of the stream. From where we were the range could not have been more than seven hundred yards. It was bad shooting. I feel certain that English sharpshooters would at least have punctured the motor. We turned in under the cover of a protecting wall.

The Bzura is a winding yellow stream about fifty yards across at this point, flowing between

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

steep clay banks that rise thirty feet above its muddy waters. For Poland it was a mild winter. Until the first of January no ice that would bear the weight of a man had formed on any rivers. Curiously enough this contradicted the old saying that "Frost is the ally of Russia." With the marshes of Poland unfrozen, and no coating of ice over the rivers, the Germans found it impossible to bring many of their heavy guns, upon whose aid they so rely, to the vicinity of Warsaw. Their legions forded some of these streams, but only after suffering disproportionate losses.

In another way the mildness favoured the defenders. Ditch digging when the soil is frozen is next to impossible. But the ground along the banks of the Bzura was still soft, which enabled the Russians to construct an extensive trench line. Not only along the fighting line were they deeply entrenched, but the rear positions were also elaborately protected by field fortifications. When the Germans planned their second invasion of Poland, they counted on a swift advance over a frozen country.

Sochaczew was a city of the dead. Yet there were few marks of the damage done by the several days of shelling under which it suffered. Unless shells set houses afire, they leave few tracks behind them. Here and there they may crash through a wall or topple over a chimney,

AND THE DARDANELLES

but other signs of destruction are hard to find. Of the population hardly a handful remained. At one or two windows a few white, scared faces peered out. But the great mass of the inhabitants had joined the endless procession of refugees that poured daily into Warsaw. We stood a moment in the town square. The day before this place had received the fire of perhaps a dozen German batteries, yet hardly a trace of this scourging remained ; a few bits of broken blue shell-iron and black powder stains on the bricks were the only evidences of an enormous waste of ammunition.

Now and again a single shell aimed at the battery positions of the Russians would sing overhead. Rifle and machine gun fire snapped out on both sides of us, but except for the six shots that greeted our entrance into the town hardly another bullet was fired at Sochaczew. We seemed to be on an island, safe from the storm of battle. An officer of the Siberian Fusileers, the Grand Duke's pets they are called because he has so often mentioned them in his reports, joined us as we motored out. He had been hit in the hand. The bullet had gone between the bones, doing little hurt, but he would be off duty for some days. Now his only thought was the dinner he was going to have in Warsaw. He heaved a sigh when I told him that the ban on alcohol still held.

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

When Russia went to war the Tsar with a stroke of his pen put one hundred and eighty million people on a temperance basis. How wise was this edict of the ruler of Russia is now shown in the condition of his army. Their fighting effectiveness is higher than that of the French and fully equal to that of the English, measured by the physical fitness of the units composing the forces. On the other hand, many German soldiers carry flasks of whisky or other spirits. Ivan the Siberian knows this, and I fear that the famous edict is sometimes broken when a batch of prisoners is gathered in. The flasks are certainly contraband of war.

The wounded officer we carried back with us really knew less about the conditions at the front generally than we did. He had the chance to see only what happened within his actual range of vision, and outside of that he knew nothing. This is the case all along the front. The farther back you are the more you know as to how things are going. In London one knew more of the war and who was winning than I did there with the headquarters of the Sixth Corps of the First Russian army.

The short winter day is now coming to a close. For a moment the sun flashes through the grey clouds, casting a bright flare athwart the heavens. The battle has died to an intermittent groaning

AND THE DARDANELLES

of heavy guns and staccato clashes of musketry. Now and again machine guns turn loose a ribbon of shots.

The German guns, with typical perverseness, come to sudden life. There is one heavy battery firing a salvo. It is annoying. Everybody has had enough for the day. Out of the grey twilight cannons flash and show their positions. To the south more infantry firing breaks out. Then this rattle ends, and the hoarse-voiced guns are silenced.

Now, along the Kalish road comes another kind of procession. From a distance it looks like a long line of artillery, but they are queer guns, smoking, and time after time showing a flare. Then we recognize the portable kitchens. Here is comfort for the men in the trenches. Already the Russian soup is boiling. One can almost smell it. On they go, clattering and clanking, to the very first line of battle. It is a humble way of serving, but no more welcome sight greets the eyes of the fighters throughout their weary day.

On the road to Guzow we passed what looked like a man's-size prairie-dog village. The bare ground was hummocked up where black openings led to subterranean chambers. In and out of the holes popped shaggy-capped soldiers. These were their winter quarters. The cold was a long

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

time coming, but when it came it had all the fierceness for which it has been justly famed since the days of Napoleon. The biting wind that blew fresh from the Arctic Circle swept across the plain of Poland. In each of the little underground homes is a doll's-size fireplace where the embers are never allowed to die out. When not on duty in the firing line the Russki was as comfortable as the proverbial insect who established himself in the rug.

The Germans suffered severely from the cold. Forty prisoners captured in a counter assault were brought into Guzow. A cart carrying two machine guns followed. But it was not the trophies of war but the men who interested me. Only about half had overcoats. And these were made of a thin shoddy material that is about as much protection as paper against the Russian wind. When you know that the prison camps are all in distant, cold Siberia, try and think of the lot of prisoners. Yet for the moment the Germans were content. They were allowed to sleep. This is the boon that the man fresh from the trenches asks above all things. His days and nights have been one constant strain of alertness. His brain has been racked with the roar of cannon and his nerves frayed by the irregular bursting of shell. His mind is chaos. One thing he knows, he must fire and fire and

AND THE DARDANELLES

fire. It does not matter if the gun barrel blister his fingers with its heat, never must it stop. That is the only way to hold back the line of wicked bayonets. When the bayonets come it is death or a Siberian prison camp. But when a soldier is once captured he feels that this responsibility of holding back the enemy is no longer his. He has failed. Well, he can sleep in peace now.

The fighting for the Bzura was a desperate, endless struggle. Days of see-saw battle found the Germans pressing the major part of their military might against the angle made by the Bzura and Rawka with the Pilitza River. Charge and counter-charge were the order of the day and night. Supermen, indeed, are these soldiers of the first line who stagger forward and back with repulse and attack.

As at the Yser, the Germans seemed to have staked all on crossing the Bzura. In the fashion they aimed their desperate blow at Calais, so they sacrificed division after division in the smash at Warsaw. Under cover of night they threw pontoon bridges across the river, but when their troops appeared above the sharp banks of the yellow stream they were swept away like chaff before the wind by Russian gunfire. The boats of the floating bridges were dragged to shore by the reckless Russians.

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

Following the lines of the rivers were two parallel rows of trenches, the Germans on one bank and the Russians on the other, that stretched north and south without a break. The soldiers in these poured an almost unceasing fire at one another day and night.

South of Sochaczew the Russians let the Germans cross the river at night until about 15,000 were on the east shore. Then with the force of a flood, a Russian corps closed in on three sides of the enemy. The entangled division fought with the desperation of the condemned, but when the pale light of the grey morn again showed in the east 8,000 German prisoners were marching dejectedly along the Kalish road towards Warsaw. The stream's bank was a shambles. Of those not captured fully half were killed or wounded. But a pitiful remnant made its way back to the German side of the river. Such was a typical Bzura attack.

It is rather flattery to call the muddy stream a river. Below Sochaczew it is hardly more than fifty yards across. The sluggish yellow rivulet flows between high banks which make its passage so difficult. These banks rise almost perpendicularly thirty feet above the water, and from the top they slope back at a gentle angle which gives an ideal field of fire. At certain points the banks are wooded, and here batteries of



The crisis in the winter fight for Warsaw.

AND THE DARDANELLES

machine guns were placed. These weapons at the time were a most effective check to the German hopes.

The Russians made some splendid counter-attacks during the nights. They have such numbers of reserves that they can put absolutely fresh troops into the fighting line whenever necessary and wherever they can be effectively used. You meet them marching and counter-marching at the back of the supports, coming out of the darkness and silently being swallowed up in it again like veritable regiments of ghosts. Sometimes they are not altogether silent, for I have heard an irrepressible squeezing a few notes out of an accordion. The accordion is the Russian soldier's favourite instrument, and in the second line you hear the mournful notes sounding all through the night. A group of soldiers will gather where the company field kitchen stands, and in the shelter of its warm sides sit and listen to the troubadour.

One has only to spend a day and night out at the front in this freezing weather to appreciate what the men in the trenches are going through. Then add to the bitter cold and raw wind the fatigue of constant watchfulness, not to mention the exhaustion of actual fighting, and there can be no limit to your admiration.

As each new move in the German offensive

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS AND DARDANELLES

developed, the question of how the Russian was going to meet it was uppermost in every Polish mind. It were idle to say that those were not days of anxiety in Warsaw.

WARSAW

CHAPTER II

WARSAW

WARSAW stands at the cross-roads from Russia to the battle-fields. The regiments of the Empire sift through the teeming streets like unending lines of ants. Day and night the rumble of gun and caisson swells up from the cobbled streets. The tramp of marching thousands is the masternote in the sounds of the city. Far-off Siberia and the country bordering Turkestan drain their men into the plains of Poland. And each burdened soldier lives a story. Somewhere in an earth hut hollowed in the sands of the great steppes, or in a home on the banks of the Don, a woman is waiting.

This is a winter of sorrow in Russia, yet the soldiers march gaily enough down the Jerusalem road. No trace of what they may feel shows in their faces. Study as you will these Tartar, Mongol or Caucasian features, and all you read is enigma. Tramp, tramp, tramp: on they go, past the Kalisch station, across the railroad tracks, beyond the Wola meadows—where in

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

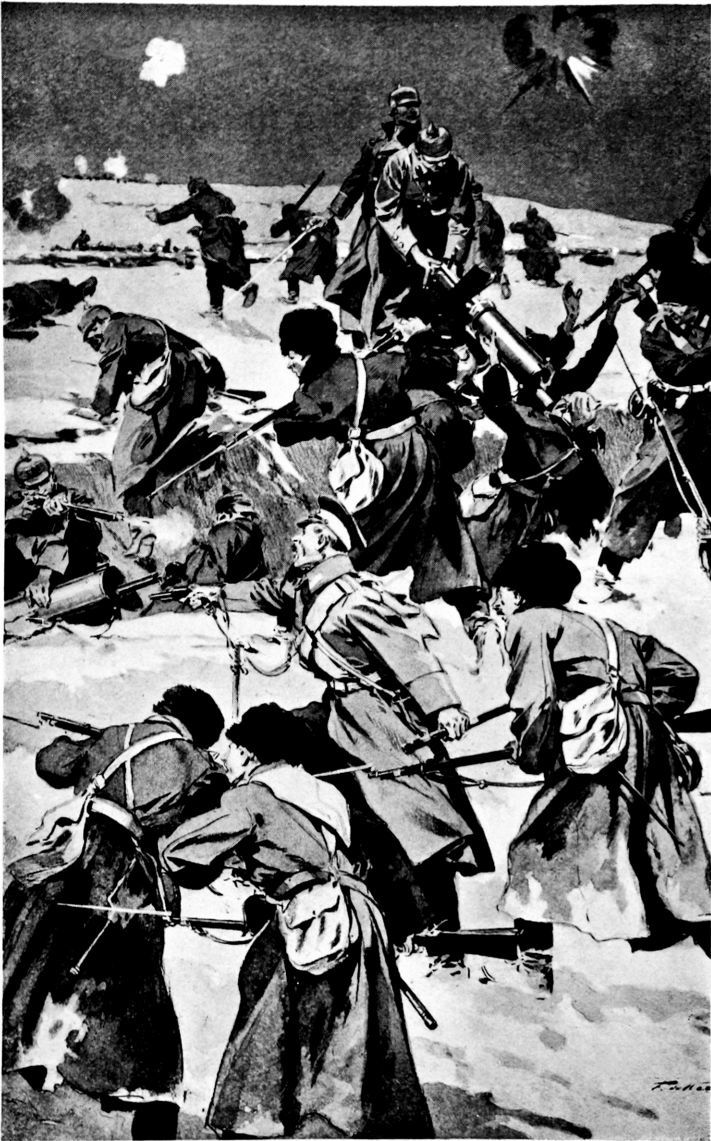
the days of the greatness of Poland other soldiers met to select their kings—until you lose sight of their swinging coats behind the cemetery wall. It makes for thought to stand and watch these marching men. How far have they come? How far will they go?

It is the Russian regulars who hold the centre of the picture to-day. When you stop to consider that some of them have journeyed from the Urals you understand the herculean proportions of the Russian problem of transportation. From the point of view of the common soldier this journey must be a bewildering, yet wonderfully enlightening, experience.

Fighting makes the supreme demand on all the perceptions. This means an extraordinary sharpening of the wits of the peasant. But before this happens he sees the world—at least the world of Russia. His mind is constantly receiving new impressions, and one can almost perceive his brain grow under the stimulation of all that passes around him. And here, where the east and west of Europe meet, he finds himself in a new civilization. He must learn a dozen new facts every day. Ivan the soldier is expanding. Having travelled and seen the world it is impossible to believe that when he returns to his home in Tomsk or Tashkent he will relapse into his original condition of mental vacuity.



No. 1. Fighting as seen through a glass. Only an agitated line is visible.



No. 2. The agitated line as it really is.

AND THE DARDANELLES

There are some hundred hospitals in Warsaw. Not all of them are full. As soon as cases can be transferred they are sent to other cities for convalescence. This makes for constant movements. Some days the surgeons are gloomy. No cases but those of the slightly wounded find their way back to the base. From this they deduce that the badly hit lie where they were struck on the field. A bad sign is this! I visited the Polish American hospital where some twenty Polish officers lie recovering from serious wounds. Here is concrete proof of Poland's trust in the Tsar. These men have stood ready to make the final sacrifice for the cause of Russia, hoping to gain thereby a little of the reality of what has so long been the dream of Poland.

For a moment I talked with a gaunt-cheeked colonel, whose breast was torn by a shrapnel. His life chance is less than even. He knows this. He smiled as he said, "It is a little matter, any Pole would do as much."

Each time I see the sweet-faced nurses who serve the wounded I think of that favourite of Russian expressions, "Little Mother." Truly there is much of motherhood in the devotion of these nurses to their charges. Gentle and self-sacrificing as they are, treating friend and foe alike, yet their spirits have been sorely tried.

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

There is a tale told with much detail, which I could never verify. But it bears in a way the earmarks of truth. It is that the German wounded of the first line do not respond to the stimulus of ether. This is explained by the fact that they have already been given ether in solution before going into action. The effect of the drug is said to induce a state of mind which regards the world and passing events with absolute indifference. There is no exhilaration—simply complete disregard of the consequences. It is only in this way that the men can now be driven to the slaughter that their close-order charges mean.¹

When a trainload of wounded arrives every vehicle that can be found in the city is pressed into service. Motors, carriages, ambulances, Russian farm carts—all serve to distribute the disabled. But the unique ambulances are the tramcars. These date from the pre-electric period. Their benches are made up into improvised beds, and when each has its complement of wounded the driver cracks his long Russian

¹ From further experience in the front line trenches I find that my first deduction in this matter was wrong. Morphia in small quantities is supplied company officers to be given on occasion to the desperately wounded. This is a measure of mercy to relieve suffering. Morphia so administered would produce the symptoms described above.

AND THE DARDANELLES

whip and off the horses start. War has put back the hand of time.

In Warsaw, the motor is the barometer of war. When there is a pause in the fighting the long mouse-grey cars stand for hours before the hospitals, hotels, or some headquarters. But let the blast of war sound on the air and they spring to pulsating life as if touched by magic. Reckless of the street traffic they speed one after the other out of the Jerusalem road, tearing at express-train velocity to the scene of the fighting. Unless a transport train holds the way before them the motors can cover the distance in an hour. In the city there are numerous arteries, and along these the motors pass and repass—veritable modern dragons spitting choking smoke. Their horns are never silent till, with the fall of night, there may come a lull in the fighting, and then the haggard-eyed chauffeurs bring their mud-spattered machines once more to rest at the kerbs.

My hotel is a hive of officers. Every grade and branch is represented, from the grizzled general to the debonair lieutenant in the Flying Corps. Like bees they circulate through the halls and public rooms of the hostelry. And like bees they suddenly disappear. Then we surmise that an attack somewhere is being repulsed.

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

Every province of the empire seems to have sent its representative to the war congress. And as types they afford many lessons in Russian ethnology. One of the most picturesque is a Caucasian colonel. In face, figure, and—I was going to write costume—uniform he is a replica of the last century warrior. First he trims his moustaches and side-whiskers together, after the military fashion of the Napoleonic days. Then from his fuzzy, chocolate-coloured *papakas* to his black high boots he is the Muscovite soldier of a hundred years ago.

Another feature of this cinematograph of war in the streets of Warsaw is the shaggy Caucasian pony. Why he does not topple over when six feet of Cossack is astride of him is to me a mystery. Certainly the load looks top-heavy. But Russians swear by these wiry, under-sized, tucked in animals, and from what I have seen here I think the horse-flesh, such as it is, on this side outlasts that on the West front. The same type of horse is used in the wagons. If you saw them hauling a killing load of logs to be used in building head cover in the trenches you would wonder at the "horse-power" of these little animals.

With the right wind, one sometimes hears firing. Yet to all outward appearances the civil population is indifferent to the situation. Indifferent until a distant humming plane sails circling

AND THE DARDANELLES

overhead. Then the citizen of Warsaw knows that he lives in the hub of the wheel of war.

The first Sunday I spent in the Polish capital I witnessed an air raid. The spectacle was repeated each Sunday during all the months I made this city my base. The description of the first raid holds good for all.

It was a still day with one or two low-lying clouds alone visible in the clear atmosphere.

In the morning I had called upon Mr. de Soto, the American Consul. I remember his answer to my casual remark that it was a fine day.

"Yes, a good day for aeroplanes." At the time it seemed to me he put much feeling in the sentence. I soon came to know that many of Warsaw's citizens dreaded this clear weather. Taking advantage of the beautiful flying conditions, three aviators sailed high over the city. Little larger than crows they looked as they poised over the city. The exceptional sunshine and warmth had brought the city's thousands to the streets. With one accord they strained their heads upward, watching the flight of the aeroplanes. Open doors swallowed many, who disappeared with the rapidity of frightened chickens at the sight of a hawk.

I was in Cracow Street at the time. I stood with some Varsovian friends, speculating on the flag of the flyers. We were not convinced that they

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

were Germans. A day or two before the Russian aviators had driven a German aeroplane to earth, and we thought that the fliers we watched might be protecting the city. A sharp explosion set our doubts at rest. As the first bomb fell, by a queer coincidence the clock of the District Court tolled a doleful "One." About fifty yards away the shell struck. I saw a sheet of flame travel from roof to cellar of the *Hotel Saxonia*. There was the tinkle of shattered glass, and when the smoke cleared away three figures lay outstretched on the sidewalk. Luckily they were only stunned. The shell had struck the coping of the hotel and so lost much of its power in the upper air. A gash in the roof and several broken panes were the only effect on the hotel.

As the aeroplanes circled above the roofs, the Russian air guns sent shrapnel after shrapnel behind them. The exploding shells gave quite a battle aspect to the city. Then as the machines passed over the outer fortification, the infantry tried to bring them down. The noise of the gun and rifle fire was keenly suggestive of an attack.

The aviatiks dropped some half dozen bombs in the city, their objective being the new bridge over the Vistula. No shell struck within a mile of this target. The mangled body of a boy was one result of the attack. This and a ruined

AND THE DARDANELLES

house was the sum total of damage done in the daring raid.

On one expedition the German aviators had dropped a bomb within a few yards of the American consulate. The windows were smashed and one bullet passed through a room. This shell killed four civilians in the street. The description of the torn bodies of the victims given me by the American Consul, Mr. de Soto, I shall not repeat, but the pitiful picture he drew comes to my mind whenever I hear the whirr of an aeroplane engine.

Considering the crowded condition of the city, it is extraordinary that there were so few casualties as the result of these air raids. As in Belgium, the refugees swarmed before the on-coming Germans like hosts of locusts before a fire. Warsaw, even in peace time a crowded city, now has its streets thronged with restless crowds. Every morning the Kalish road is crowded with carts that trail into Warsaw in one endless procession. Each cart looks like a long boat. It is piled high with all the Lares and Penates of recent homes. Tables, chairs, armouries, buckets, blankets, bird-cages and every what-not that furnishes a farmer's house are loaded into wagons. On top of all sits the family. Women in purple and yellow skirts from Lodz; gaunt hollow-cheeked men sit beside. They all rock from side

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

to side as the springless cart jolts over the broken road. There are not as many children here as I noticed in the throngs that fled before the German invader in Belgium.

In my wanderings through different sections of the war zone I have seen no more poignant sight than the sufferings of helpless civilians caught between the jam of contending armies. For the most part these people are the victims of circumstances. The path of war is destruction. I know this only too well; yet it would seem that as long as war must be a part of our civilization, that strong measures might be taken to relieve the injustice it metes out to helpless women and children.

There were several committees organized in Warsaw with the object of aiding the refugees, but the task soon grew to be of such enormous proportions that with the limited funds at their disposal they could make but slight impress on the great load of misery that burdened the kingdom.

In contrast to the tribulations of the rural populations I was much impressed by the apparent indifference of Warsaw's city population to the approach of the enemy. Operas and plays followed one another, week after week, at the different theatres. Dinners and the amusements of society went on without interruption. It made

AND THE DARDANELLES

one almost think that the Varsovians were indeed of that lightness of character with which Napoleon stigmatized them. When I came to know the Poles better, I quickly found that this lightness was purely superficial. In the heart of every loyal Pole there glows but one thought, the hope of freedom. In my visits to the front I came much in contact with the Polish Red Cross Society. There was no frivolity here. The men and women, for the most part recruited from Poland's nobility, who made up these corps, went at their work with a conscientiousness that could not have been surpassed. One of my friends engaged in this work, Mr. Wielowiejski, was an especially competent organizer. Not only this, he was a most proficient nurse. At the time of the first German invasion when the Prussian corps came to the very walls of Warsaw, Mr. Wielowiejski was working as an orderly in a field hospital. When the Russians withdrew, he remained behind, caring for the wounded in his charge. He continued his work in the German lines, tending friend and foe alike in his humane mission.

I give this as one example of what many Poles were doing when war raged so close to the Polish capital. I spent several nights in the country home of a Polish princess that had been turned into a field hospital. I have seen Polish countesses

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

doing all the menial work of this hospital. Prince Potoiski, a graduate of Oxford who has by inheritance a claim on the Polish throne, drove a field ambulance.

Despite the battle ring of iron that daily draws tighter around this city, Warsaw sometimes rests. At the centre of the coming war-storm now there is that moment of calm which always presages all great battles. One almost forgets the hundred hand-to-hand engagements that mark each day of the present withdrawal. In a recent night attack certain German regiments threw themselves bodily forward, until it seemed that these madmen had determined to transfix themselves on the Russian bayonets. A ribbon of fire flashed from our trenches and singed the oncoming ranks like wisps of straw. Once, twice, three, yes, ten times, they rushed forward, only to perish in the spray of leaden bullets. Exhausted at last with the mere killing, the Russians left their trenches as the enemy formed for the eleventh attack. In a field some eighty-seven dead were counted piled in a square of seventy yards. From the pocket of one the following letter from his mother was taken. It was so soiled and spattered with rusty bloodstains that I could hardly decipher the German script :

“I went to the war prison where Russian beasts are kept. They do much hard work all day, even

AND THE DARDANELLES

to dragging carts like oxen. Catch some more of the beasts, for our people enjoy to see them at this low work."

What can have happened to this mother's mind? I cannot tell the shock the letter gave to the Russians who read it. Could mothers be so vile? The Russian mother is not of such a pattern. One of the soldiers made out the address and asked his officer to send the letter back to the mother with word of her boy's death. "We are sorry your boy is dead, mother.—A Russian son."

IN THE FIRE TRENCHES

CHAPTER III

IN THE FIRE TRENCHES

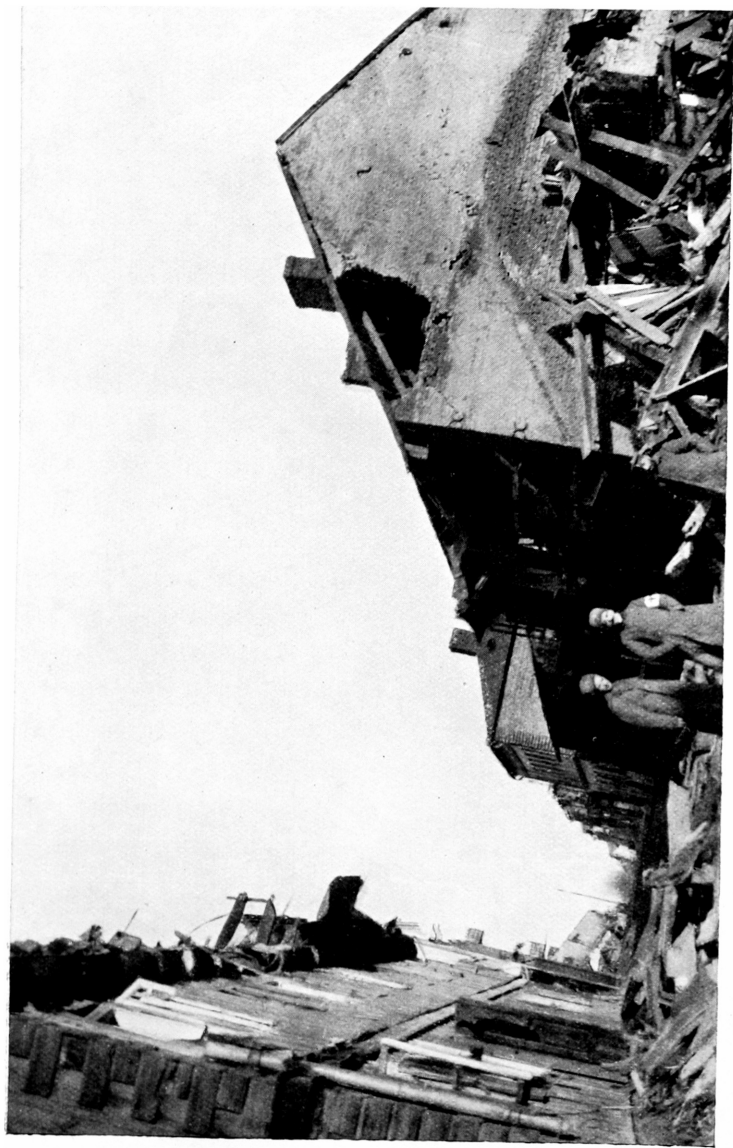
THE modern warrior has developed the characteristics of a mole. He lives under ground, and displays his greatest activity at night. With the coming of subterranean warfare, as trench-fighting can appropriately be called, great armies have had to adopt unique methods. They have been compelled to build peculiar little forts—for a trench is a fort, in fact—wherever their soldiers meet the enemy. In consequence, these rectangular excavations have been improved far beyond their original outline.

The first trench was nothing more nor less than a hole in the ground, deep enough to protect a man kneeling, standing, or sitting, as the case might be. Before the day of the modern rifle and modern cannon, these defences, with a couple of feet of loose earth thrown up in front of them, served admirably. In the American Civil War the question of head-cover was of minor importance; to-day a protective roofing is the *sine quâ non* of any well-constructed trench. Early in

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

the Great War it was discovered that the trench offered the safest haven from the bursting shells of the enemy's field artillery. To all intents and purposes, shrapnel—or, as its inventor termed it, the man-killing projectile—is practically harmless in its effect upon entrenched troops. Unless a shell can be placed absolutely within the two-feet wide excavation, it wastes its destructive powers on the inoffensive earth and air. This has led to a modification of artillery methods, which, in turn, compels the elaboration of the trench and emphasizes the importance of head-cover.

I had unusual opportunity of studying this new phase of warfare when the Germans were making their heart-breaking charges against the Russian trench-line defending Warsaw. I visited Sochaczew several times when that unfortunate town was under the fire of the enemy's bomb-throwers. It is on the banks of the Bzura, and almost in the centre of the Bzura-Rawka line, which extended 150 miles to the north and 150 miles to the south. Those 300 miles were a series of these little earthworks, and never a day passed but that torn and bleeding bodies dotted their narrow floors. In contrast to my first visit the houses of the town of Sochaczew have literally been beaten to earth by the German giant shells. They have disintegrated under the shower of blasting cones of fire. Whole streets are tumbled



Sochaczew, under fire incessantly for thirty days, now is but the skeleton of a town.

AND THE DARDANELLES

into one indistinguishable mass of brick and rubble. Where a house does stand, its roof or front has been torn off, leaving exposed a pitiable disarray of its sacred Lares and Penates.

A furtive dog skulks through the deserted streets. But of those who lived in what was once a peaceful, happy town, not one remains. Your first impression is that the place is absolutely deserted ; then you are startled to see a soldier suddenly pop out of the ground at your feet : three or four other heads will appear from openings that gape in the soil. You have stumbled on a company camp. It bears no resemblance to a camp in the popular sense : not a tent, not even the despised dog-tent, is stretched above ground !

The entrances to the underground huts, which make a little mound above the surface of the ground, are all that you notice, except a conspicuous chimney. Every dug-out has an open fireplace. Of course, it is only large enough for one or two sticks of wood, but this serves amply for heating purposes. After one or two polite inquiries—the Russian soldier is always polite—I was taken to Colonel Sokolowski, of the 266th Regiment, who invited me to the commodious cavern which served as his quarters. He was dug-in behind the brick walls of a burnt-out house about three hundred yards in rear of the fire-line trenches. Coming from the bright sunshine, it

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

was a moment before my eyes got accustomed to the semi-darkness. The commanding officer's cavern boasted no luxuries. A table, two stools, and a rough shake-down were all that it contained in the way of furniture. Before the table sat his Adjutant, writing by the light of a penny dip. Military routine went on with the same regularity as above ground. After the usual polite greetings the Colonel, pointing to the report that lay on the table, said, "It's a recommendation for bravery." Then he told me the remarkable story of Private Fuchs.

This soldier had only just returned from accomplishing an exploit of the greatest nerve. An interesting phase of the present warfare is the interchange of proclamations. So common is the custom that here it might be called the Proclamation War. The Germans drop from their aeroplanes thousands of handbills containing direct appeals to the Polish population and the Russian soldiery. Sometimes the handbills take a special form. One has the picture of a galloping Turkish cavalryman as its head, and in Arabic and Russian a statement that the Mussulman people have declared a Holy War against the Tsar.

Another is made up in the imitation of a five-rouble note. Across its face it says: "We will pay to any Russian soldier who delivers a rifle within our lines the sum of five roubles." On

AND THE DARDANELLES

the other side is the picture of a fat and smiling Russian peasant supposed to be a happy prisoner in Germany.

To counteract the effects of these posters, the Russians have composed an answering handbill telling the Germans to put no faith in the mythical victories published by their Staff, and not to sacrifice themselves just to forward the useless ambitions of their officers.

Private Fuchs engaged to deliver a packet of these posters in the enemy's lines. At the darkest hour of night, with a wrenched-off door as his raft, he paddled softly across the Bzura. He eluded the vigilant eyes of the enemy's picket until the very moment that he was about to land on the German side of the river.

Here the Bzura is not more than fifty yards across. Evidently hoping to catch Fuchs alive, the German sentry did not fire, but, calling several of his companions, ran out as if to surround the Russian. But the wily Fuchs ran directly forward, which was not what his opponents expected, and he managed for a moment to elude them. He half-hid in a shell-pit directly under the German first-line trench, where he remained concealed from the enemy until they suddenly shot off a rocket. The falling stars lit up the country for half a mile, and showed the cowering Russian in his hiding-place. With a shout the

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

Germans rushed at him. But as the silver sparks died out Fuchs again eluded his would-be captors, leaving a trail of handbills behind him, like a leader in a paper-chase, got back to the river bank, returned to his own side, from whence he watched the enemy beating the brush in a vain effort to discover him.

For this he has been recommended for the St. George's Cross.

After taking a photograph of Private Fuchs, who was paraded for my benefit, I started with the Adjutant and another officer for the fire-line trenches. First we stopped at the Russian observation post. This was in the garret of a brick building which had been greatly damaged by German shell-fire. It was hardly fifty yards from the banks of the Bzura, overlooking the bridge of the Kalish road. Across the river I easily made out a line of raw earth regularly marked with loopholes. These were the German trenches. Beyond them, near a wood, with a glass I could make out a battery in position.

"If you stay too long before the look-out they shoot at you." This was a polite remonstrance from the Adjutant. I had been so interested in studying the German positions, undoubtedly I had more or less exposed myself. I managed to get a good picture of the bridge and the distant line of trenches before the tsing-tsing-tsing of

AND THE DARDANELLES

speeding bullets announced the enemy's intention of cutting short my stay at the look-out.

Making my way down a rickety ladder, I found myself in the streets of what was once Sochaczew. The utter desolation and ruin appalled me. But, above all, I was struck with the injustice of war. What had the unfortunate inhabitants done that their peaceful homes should be suddenly turned into a heap of brickdust and ashes ?

Passing down a side street, we found ourselves at a corner from where we had a clear view of the opposite river bank. Also, if we turned that corner, anyone on the opposite river bank could have a clear view of us. The Adjutant asked with a smile, " Shall we take the short cut—yes ? "

Seeing that it was the expected answer, I innocently replied, " Yes, certainly."

I later discovered that there is a zigzag approach to the fire-line trenches under perfect cover. This is used in moving large bodies of troops to or from the front position, and also for bringing up ammunition and food. Otherwise, the short cut is used : it is across an open stretch of fifty yards commanded by German sharpshooters.

" I will go first," said the Adjutant. He darted across the open like a hare, but before he reached safety three bullets bit into the bricks above his head. I knew this running-the-gauntlet game

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

from personal experience when I was a Rough-Rider in Cuba. But at that time I played the sharpshooter's *rôle*, watching for unwary Spaniards. I knew just as well as if I had been there what was happening in that German sharpshooter's trench. The first three shots had been fired by the look-out. Then he used the German equivalent for "Get up, you fellows; there are some damn fools trying to cross our zone!" And the rest of the squad jumped behind their loopholes and shifted their rifles for better aim.

All this flashed through my mind as I started out to break the fifty yards' dash record. Subconsciously I counted eight bullets whistling through the air before I was once again under cover. But not even the skirt of my voluminous Russian uniform overcoat was touched. I turned to watch the two other officers make this dash across the danger zone. Those Germans were certainly fourth-class marksmen.

We turned into the saps leading to the river-bank. The approach leads through a cemetery. One section of the fire line is cut through a Hebrew burying-ground. The quick and the dead sleep side by side.

This bank of the Bzura rises sheer thirty feet above the stream. In the brilliant sunlight it was almost impossible to believe that the sparkling blue rivulet often ran red with blood. It winds

AND THE DARDANELLES

in and out of the clay, unmindful of all that passes on its banks. For it has no interest in the thousand dramas played each day above it on the Polish plain. The opposite shore was a sloping bank of green where the winter wheat was just sprouting. Half-way up were two white farm-houses. It was a peaceful scene.

But overhead the shells were whining. At intervals that were timed with seeming care the great projectiles would explode. It was not a hurried performance, but the leisurely practice of a game so long played that it is not interesting. In trench warfare the cannon never cease.

The Russian trenches are constructed along the crest of the ridge that surmounts the river bank. They are not elaborately built, as they were thrown up in the face of heavy fire when the Germans were making desperate but futile efforts to cross the stream. I have heard that the children of Germany got a holiday because of the great victory of the Battle of the Bzura. Well, the Kaiser in all his might can't take that holiday back even if it was not earned. While the children were romping, the Russian soldiers were digging and fighting like demons. Corps after corps of Germans were thrown into the river, as if the commanders were determined to dam the stream with dead and drive their guns over the bodies of their own troops.

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

About half of the trenches have head-cover. Passing along them is something like going through a tunnel lit by manholes. You move alternately from light to shadow. The loopholes, little windows that look out across the river, each have a long gun-barrel pointing outwards. Only a few soldiers, however, are seen, for during the day they sleep. A frontal attack by daylight is nothing short of suicide. Even the foolhardy Germans have learned this lesson.

Under each loophole is a little shelf dug into the earth. On this shelf is a tin box, piled with ammunition clips: soldiers must never lack for cartridges.

Treading through these narrow, grave-like excavations, I passed again and again little recesses dug into the front walls. They were raised a few inches from the ground, and by the faint light-rays that filtered through I made out the forms of men lying in lethargic sleep. But the shrill blast of a whistle would bring every one of these sleeping men to life and turn the trench wall into a stream of blazing fire. Even now at intermittent intervals there would sound the blast of a fired rifle. The guards were ever alert, and shot at anything that moved.

But it is not the guns or cannon of the enemy that affect the spirits of the soldiers in the trenches. It is the weather. A week of alternate rain and

AND THE DARDANELLES

snow, when the ill-drained dug-outs are half-filled with a freezing, viscid mud ; when, day after day, the feet are numbed by the frost until all sensation in them is deadened ; when the coarse, scanty ration is refused by the tortured stomach—then it is that the spirits of the stoutest falter. Let the enemy attack as he will, and he must fail. It is only in fighting that the men find an outlet for their rancour. The Germans who attack them drive back the soup-kitchens, with their warm sides and steaming contents. The men who are guilty of this must be killed. This is how the Russian *moujik* reasons.

But a day of sunshine will start the soldiers singing. It was such a day that I stopped at Captain Melinkof's quarters for luncheon. A short sap connected these quarters with the firing-line. With true Russian hospitality, he put the kettle to boil as we entered, and gave orders to prepare lunch. His two-roomed subway apartment, as he called it, was one of the most elaborate trench-homes I have yet seen. It was an excavation twelve feet by seven, divided into two sections by a door. One half was the kitchen and dining-room, and the other half was the bedroom and office. Three company officers occupied this dug-out, but there were only two beds, as one had constantly to be on duty. All the furniture had come from near-by shell-wrecked houses except

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

the stove ; that was a regulation camp-stove. As a bath-room with hot and cold water was nearly finished, I realized how comfortable one could be underground.

It was flattering to realize how much my visit was appreciated. Strange as it may seem, these officers complain of the monotony of their existence. The popular mind hardly pictures a trench that is under constant fire both from small arms and from cannon as a place where one has time to become bored with existence. But it is just the continuity of these attacks that makes them so tiresome. Living in this restricted area, and confined to a certain circle of thought by their duties, the officers welcome a stranger with an acclaim only given to a troubadour in the Middle Ages.

Captain Melinkof was keenly interested when he heard that I had been with the French Army in the field. He plied me with a score of questions about the work of Russia's ally, and every question was put from the standpoint of a practical soldier.

Our chatting was interrupted by luncheon. A cup of steaming coffee, a slice of soldier's black bread covered with a sliver of bacon-fat, was the *plat du jour*. White bread-and-butter was the dessert. After my exciting morning I thoroughly enjoyed the meal. Our lunch was disturbed by the eerie buzz of the field-telephone.



Russian officers in front of Headquarters dug-out. One officer is seen just making his way out of the underground entrance.

AND THE DARDANELLES

"Is there any change on your front?" came the question over the wire.

One of the officers took a hasty survey, and replied, "No."

Hardly had he answered, when a German battery opened from a new position. Its target was a group of Russian guns well in the rear. We plied out to study the enemy with our glasses, but when we discovered it was no more than what the official *communiqués* call an artillery duel we returned to our muttons. During the rest of the meal one of the Russian officers kept count of the shells that whistled overhead.

"Forty-three," he said at the end of an hour. He poked his head aboveground to see the effect of this expenditure of ammunition. "No damage done," he reported; "every shot was short."

Disturbing the trench cat that was purring around my ankles, I went into the open for a hasty survey. The rifles were opening on the German battery. Every shot made that curious blast of a gun fired from earthworks. Anything moving in the enemy's lines was a target. That is the rule on both sides, and even when I put my camera over the trench-top it brought an unwelcome fusillade.

We sighted a Russian aeroplane circling above the German positions, and here was a picture of war in its most modern aspect. While the aviator

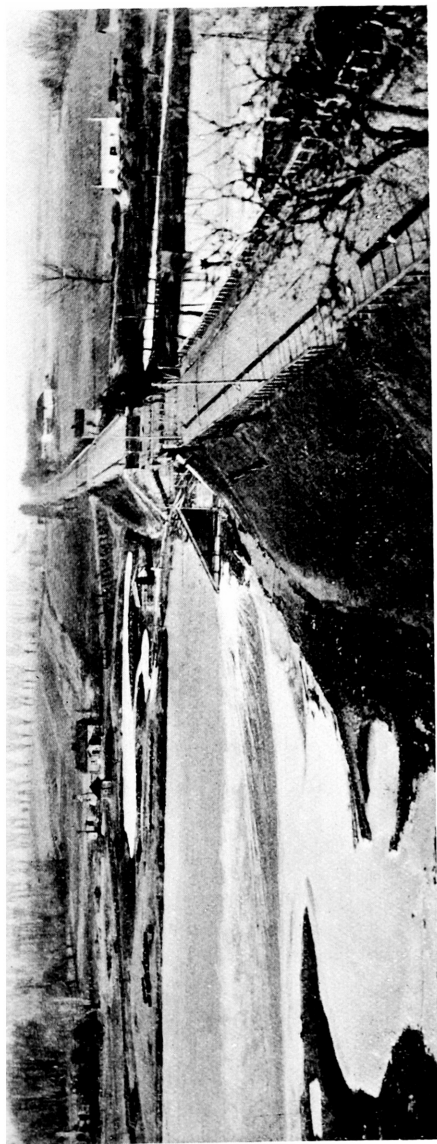
RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

flew against the blue sky, balls of snow-white clouds would appear suddenly in the air beneath him. The Germans had turned their air-guns on the reckless flier, but he was beyond their range.

On the horizon I could see a low, white house which Captain Melinkof assured me was a German hangar. A balloon and six aeroplanes armed with one-pounders were said to be housed in the building. Russian aviators had made a number of attempts to destroy this structure with their bombs, but so far they could not report any striking success. The balloon was a captive used to direct artillery fire.

The flat plain of Poland makes the observation of gun-fire extremely difficult. To obviate this the Germans had brought up this balloon, and all the day before had used it to correct the sightings of their gunners. The balloon made a big target against the western sky, but as it was fully five thousand yards distant it would take extraordinary good luck to hit it. It was too low for aeroplanes to attack, for this would bring them into shrapnel range. To drop a bomb on it from above was also difficult. The idea that aviators can place explosives with accuracy has not been proved.

In the trenches I heard a story of how the Germans, to use a slang phrase, "put one over" on the too-confiding Russians. This happened



German positions on the Bzura.

The Kalish road, with destroyed bridge, divides the picture. In the foreground, right and left, are the German trenches. In the distance are German redoubts and battery positions. On the horizon is low white house used as hangar. On the Russian side of the Bzura River are seen two shell pits.

AND THE DARDANELLES

at a portion of the line where the positions ran so close that the men could communicate by shouting. It was before Christmas, and the Germans invited the Russians to come over for a hot cup of new coffee just received from home. The Russians replied to this invitation, shouting: "Come over and try our tea. It's a special gift from the Tsar."

The Germans then put up the white flag, and said that they would send over fifteen men to try the tea if the Russians would send over the same number to sample their coffee. The plan was carried out. When the fifteen Germans appeared in the Russian trench, the hosts remarked to one another that if these were a sample the enemy would not hold out long. They were a sick-looking lot. Suddenly the Germans pulled down their white flag and commenced firing. Then the Russians found that they had exchanged fifteen good soldiers for fifteen typhus patients.

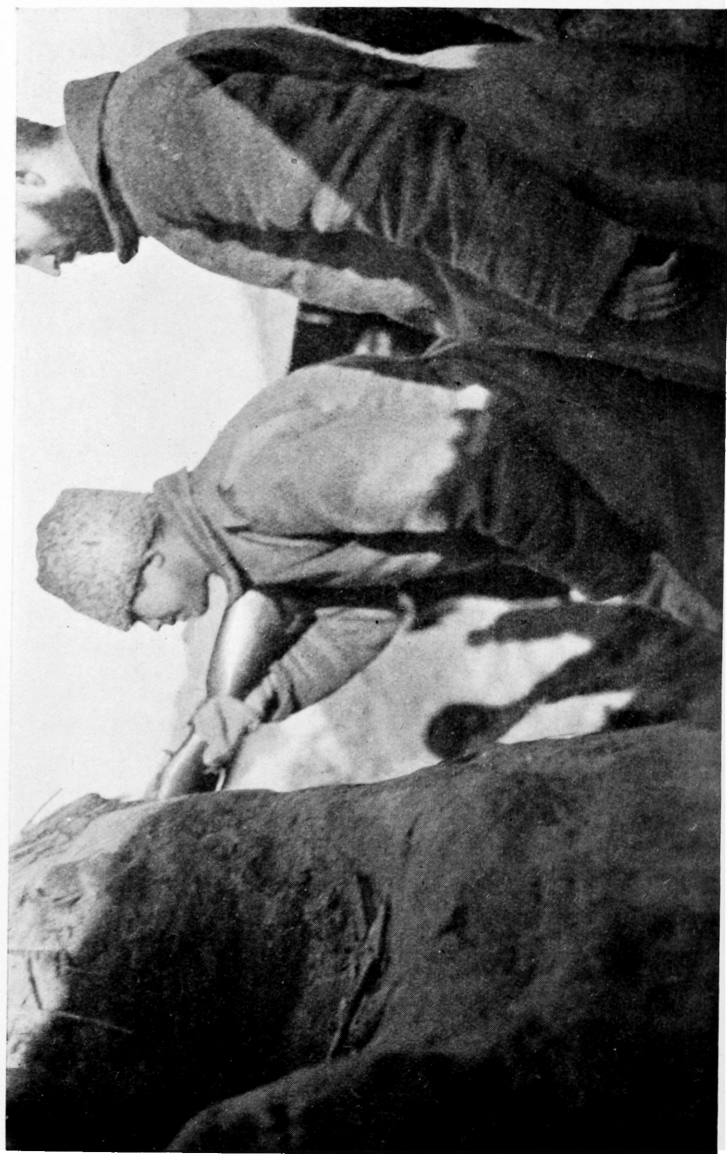
It is easy to believe that the Russian soldier could be imposed upon in this way. Although extremely courageous, he is very simple-minded with it all, and certainly trusting. He is a splendid physical specimen. In the trial of trench warfare this is the great desideratum. Then, the Russians of the type that are drafted into the army have all their lives been accustomed to privation and exposure. For this reason they are the only troops that I have seen who can

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

stick six days and nights on end in a trench, under constant small arms and shell fire, with the temperature below zero, and after a day's rest be as good as ever.

The Russian common soldier is one of the most patient of creatures. He has all the qualities of a willing horse. He follows his officers blindly. Judged by English and American standards, he lacks initiative, but in the war of the trenches initiative plays little part. You can put a company of Russian soldiers into a trench and they will stay there until they are all killed, captured, or frozen. When it so happens that all their officers are disabled they have one simple rule—to charge. They have received orders that under no circumstances must they go back, so they merely go forward. The cold, the endless hours of battle, the smashing shell fire, and the rain of ripping bullets are met with what seems to be their universal answer to all the hardships of war—"Nitchevo."

Ivan, the soldier, is distinctly human. Give him a box of cigarettes or an illustrated paper and tears of gratitude will come into his eyes. If he should happen to meet you on a later occasion, he will have a Prussian helmet or a sergeant-major's sword, which he will offer you with a certain amount of diffidence. I do not believe that they know much of what the war is all about,



Russian soldier firing in the front line trenches.

Officer directs the shot. Dug out of the front wall is a little cave for ammunition.

AND THE DARDANELLES

but they have a distinct dislike for the Germans. It is said that they never did understand why they were fighting the Japanese, who were a people practically unknown to them. But the "Germanskis," they have been told, want to take a big slice of Holy Mother Russia. No sacrifice is too great to prevent this. Judging from the great masses of troops I have seen, and these include regiments from the Emperor's Guard Division and the Siberian Fusileers, I believe Russia to have the finest raw material for her armies of any nation of the world.

I have heard them make a mild protest once, but on this occasion it was on being taken out of the fire-line trenches. When this certain regiment was ordered back to the reserve line for a rest, they met the order with a request which said: "Please let us stay here; we are so comfortable."

Their dug-outs were snug enough. But as the Germans were dropping projectiles containing a half-ton of explosives on the position of that particular regiment all day, and sweeping its line with machine-gun and musketry fire all night, it is hard to think of the soldiers as "so comfortable."

This war is having one good effect. It is educating the Russian peasant. Their officers tell me that they can almost see the men mentally expanding. In the first place, Ivan the soldier may travel from one end of the Russian Empire to the

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS AND DARDANELLES

other to reach the battlefields of Poland. The cities and peoples he sees in this journey must teach him something. Then there is no condition of life which makes such demands on all the faculties as warfare. A mistake when you are in the firing-line means death or captivity.

THE RUSSIAN ARMY

CHAPTER IV

THE RUSSIAN ARMY

THE Russian army can be shaped into one of the mightiest war machines the world has ever seen. Before the outbreak of hostilities it was but the raw material of an efficient fighting force. Now, after a year of trying field work, it becomes in the widest definition of the word an army. Millions of uniformed moujiks have been moulded into a homogeneous organization, and trained to carry on the infinite variety of detail demanded by a state of war.

The Russian peasant develops into a good soldier with surprising rapidity. In the first place he is a splendid physical specimen. Again and again when passing a Siberian or Odessa regiment, I have noticed with care separate soldiers, and found them all to be pictures of health. In trench fighting, perfect physical condition is absolutely necessary. I know of an instance where a detachment had to remain in the same trench six days and nights, constantly under fire. The water was above their ankles. They had

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

only such scanty rations as they had been able to bring into the trench with them. During the six days sleep was out of the question except for naps taken leaning against the side of the trench. Some of the men came out with mild frost bite ; except for this, after a few days' rest, the detachment was as fit as ever. In his daily existence the moujik meets privation and exposure in every form, so the conditions of warfare do not affect him extraordinarily. His life has taught him how to make the best of the worst weather, and that hunger and fatigue are all in the day's work.

Judged from a physical standard, the Tsar's subjects are all latent soldiers. On the mental side they are not wanting. The life they lead develops in each of them some degree of native shrewdness. No farmer in any land is without a fund of knowledge by which he solves most of the problems he meets in daily life. The Russian peasant has this same shrewdness, and, as is common with all men trained to live in the open, he knows the country. This quality is especially important in soldiers. Russian officers assure me that they are often astonished at the way their men find back-trails over terrain absolutely unknown to them. All seem to have what we call in the vernacular "bumps of locality."

There is no state of existence that makes greater

AND THE DARDANELLES

demands on the faculties than war, and their constant exercise, where a mistake may mean death or captivity, has quickened the mind of the plodding peasant. Also he has begun to appreciate the sport of war. A corporal and his squad in the somewhat informal Russian way asked to see their commanding officer. It was the night before the Russian New Year. Only that day they had been brought back from the front to the reserve trenches.

“What is it, my children?”—the Russian captain is the father of his company.

“To-morrow is New Year’s day, well-born.” The corporal shifted from foot to foot like a small boy asking an unusual favour.

“Yes?”

“We should like permission to go out to-night and catch a few Germans. It would be a New Year well begun.”

It was just the sort of request I should have expected from some of my Irish non-commissioned officers in other years, but it was not what I was led to expect in the Russian army. These men had found a hidden trail leading into the German lines, and were so confident of their own ability that they would risk crossing the enemy district in order to bring back two or three captives.

One of the finest traits of the Russian soldier is his obedience. Put him in a trench, tell him to

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

stay there, and you can depend upon him to stick to his post until he is blown or bayoneted out of it. At bottom he seems to be a good deal of a philosopher, this Ivan the soldier, and his habitual point of view makes him indifferent to the worst accidents of fighting. He will come out with a leg and an arm gone, and his only comment will be, "Nitchivo" ("It does not matter"). Of course, he lacks what is termed book learning. But this is compensated for by his native cleverness, and, take him in all, there is no better straw with which to make the bricks of an army than the Russian peasant.

The regiments which I have seen are splendidly equipped. From cap to boots their uniform is especially designed to withstand the severest tests of Russian weather. Some of the regiments wear a forage cap of a design similar to that worn by the English troops, but the characteristic head-covering is the *pahpaha*. This is a round sheep-skin cap, about 6in. high, so cut that the back of it can be unhooked and drawn down to protect the neck and ears. In addition to this practical cap, the men have a *bashlyk*, which is a woollen hooded muffler. With his *pahpaha* well drawn down and his *bashlyk* drawn over it, and the tails wound around his neck, no more than the Russian soldier's eyes are exposed.

For serviceability there is no garment superior

AND THE DARDANELLES

to the Russian army overcoat. It is reddish grey in colour, a shade which fades into the landscape. In cut and texture it combines smartness with warmth. After the coat, the best part of the Russian soldier's uniform is the boots. The Russian military boot has been copied by the German army, and that is stamp enough of its quality. His tunic and breeches are serviceable, and the rest of his clothing is of surprisingly good material. There is little to criticise in his equipment. The rifle is the equal of the arm of any other nation. The bayonet, which is a long, wicked-looking, triangular blade, is always carried fixed. This gives a marching regiment of Russians a very formidable appearance. He carries his ammunition in a bandolier, and also in canvas pockets.

Since present-day fighting calls for an enormous expenditure of ammunition, it would be better if he could carry more cartridges than he now does on his person. To provide against any shortage, however, boxes of 500 cartridges are issued to each company intact. I have counted ten of these boxes to a company marching through Warsaw. They are carried in the original packages, a box swinging between two men, who seem to make little work of this addition to their burden.

Each man carries a half of a shelter, or, as it is familiarly called, "dog" tent, with jointed poles.

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

Small as they are, these tents afford welcome protection against the weather. Some of the regiments are provided with copper cooking-pots, although certain authorities condemn this metal. The Russian is very much attached to his own tea-kettle, and one out of every five marches jauntily along with the family pot slung to his belt. Entrenching tools are distributed in the customary proportion among the soldiers. They are of accepted design and weight. The men carry their blankets rolled and slung from the shoulder, after the American fashion, the haversack balancing the blanket. From observation I judge the complete pack to equal in weight the German equipment.

Some of the first regiments mobilized were not so well equipped as those troops now going to the front, but since the relief of the original line this defect has been remedied. To epitomize, the Russian common soldier in physique and equipment has no peer in Europe. In education and special training he may be somewhat behind the soldiers of other armies, but he makes up for this in spirit and native shrewdness.

Turning to the cavalry, what I have said about the infantry applies equally to man and horse. The cavalrymen, as a rule, are more "hard bitten" than the infantry, and, I judge, on the average, older. It goes without saying that they are

AND THE DARDANELLES

splendid riders. In addition to rifle and sabre, they carry a lance that is longer than the German weapon. It is triangular, with hollowed faces, looking like the ancient knight's lance. The saddle and bridle used in the Russian cavalry are not up to the English standard, but they seem to suit the mounts and stand considerable wear and tear. I have seen remarkably few sore backs.

When I come to describe the Russian horse I am at a loss for adjectives. Judged on looks alone, no remount inspector would ever pass one-tenth of the horses now in the field. But the Siberian pony has something more than a fine coat, swelling chest muscles, and clean legs. He has unlimited endurance, courage, patience, and willingness. He is as tough as shark's skin, and can go all day, for months at a time, on a ration of a handful of hay. The sudden weather changes that made campaigning in Poland last winter the supreme test of the stamina of man and beast mean little to the Russian horse.

He is a hardier specimen than the American cow pony. While he is a bit too light for shock action, perhaps, what he lacks in weight is far outbalanced by his other qualities, and under the conditions developed by recent war the Siberian pony makes the ideal cavalry horse.

Of course, in writing of the cavalry, the Cossacks come immediately to mind. These wild riders

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

are difficult to classify. There is a wide difference between a squadron of Petrograd Imperial Guard Cossacks, with their long-legged, smartly turned out officer riding at their head, and a singing Uralski troop. The tradition of both forces is fighting, and there is no doubt that there would be little to choose between them before the enemy, but certainly the Guards are smarter-looking cavalrymen.

The favourite weapon of the Cossack is the sword. It is not strictly a sabre, but a splendidly-balanced bit of slightly-curved steel, as sharp as a razor-blade. The guard and grip are of the conventional Cossack design, too open to suit the experts, but no one ever handles a Cossack sword without immediately realizing that it is a weapon made for use, not show. Sometimes the hilt and scabbard are mounted in silver, but it is the blade that is the pride of the user. An officer assured me that one of the sports of his regiment was cutting off the head of a bull with one stroke.

The most formidable regiment of Cossacks I have seen were the Askhabads. These Trans-Caspian troopers are the direct descendants of the hordes that harried Alexander the Great when he invaded the valley of the Oxus. To-day their uniform is only slightly modified from that of past ages. The eye takes in only the enormous hat, the long purple coat, and the boots of the Askhabad

AND THE DARDANELLES

trooper. The hat is about the size and shape of a Grenadier's bearskin, but much shaggier. The boots are of modern pattern. The cloth of the coat is a curious purple shade, with a sheen like shot silk. It is hand woven and quilted.

Besides his long purple coat, the Askhabad in winter wears a great coat made of sheep-skin. This is worn with the fleece inside, while the hide is stained a brilliant saffron. Mount such a regiment, with its black high hats and yellow coats, on a herd of fuzzy Siberian ponies and parade it over a snowy landscape with lances stabbing the sky, and you have the strangest set of warriors the war has yet produced.

I cannot leave the Cossacks without telling the story that is current at the expense of a Ural regiment. After travelling over the breadth of Russia, these troopers arrived in Warsaw, where the inhabitants were certainly different from any people they had ever seen. As they formed outside the railway station, the non-commissioned officers asked eagerly :

“ Can we begin killing now ? ”

Just as a precaution another regiment was detailed to accompany the new arrivals on the ride through the capital of Poland.

The Russian is not temperamentally an artilleryman. The tradition of Slavonic fighting emphasizes the use of cold steel and hand-to-hand

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

combats. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that long-range artillery duels are not to the taste of the Russian. Nevertheless, the artillery of the Tsar's troops has greatly improved since the dark days of the Manchurian campaign. The pieces are better served, ranges more quickly obtained, and certainly a larger percentage of hits recorded.

Russian battery commanders are over-courageous. It is a good deal of trouble to dig pits and entrenchments for field pieces and heavier guns, yet when batteries stick in the same position for months, as is often the case, this precaution certainly makes for safety.

Near Sochaczew I saw a battery concealed behind a few fir trees, but not dug in. I saw this same battery eighteen days later in practically the same position, and still no pit or entrenchments protecting the guns or the men.

Again, a well-constructed bomb-proof for your ammunition shelter is absolutely necessary. To me it seems that the Russian artilleryman carries his fatalism a little too far in the somewhat careless way he handles fixed and unfixed ammunition. This sometimes leads to serious consequences as was the case with the battery that lost twenty killed and three wounded out of a total of forty, when one big German shell struck it. The enormous percentage of killed was due to the fact that exposed ammu-

AND THE DARDANELLES

dition went off when the enemy's projectile exploded.

The Russian is more prodigal of his ammunition than the German. One battery commander told me he expended 480 rounds in a day. This happened in the early weeks of the war, and would rarely be the case now, as the gunners are more experienced.

On all the lines of communication there is an unending procession of caissons, Siberian ponies never seeming to tire in their work. I have seen the ponies stand harnessed night after night when the attacks on the Bzura line were at their height, and despite the snow and cold few of them broke down. The Russian limber and caisson carry forty-eight shells each. The extra space in the caisson is sometimes used for holding small arm ammunition. Limbers without caissons are used for carrying the ammunition of the heavy pieces. These unattached limbers also carry small arm ammunition to the trenches.

The Russian machine-gun is admirably contrived for present-day war conditions. Ordinarily it is carried in a two-wheeled armoured cart, but it is so fitted that it can be rolled along the ground on wheels, or re-arranged and carried on a saddle. This gives it unlimited mobility. It fires more rapidly than the German machine-gun.

The most admirable thing about the Russian

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

army that I have seen is the transport. The English are rightly proud of their tremendous transport trains. But splendid as these are, they would never stand the test of these miserable Polish roads. The enormous English motor-lorries are not as well fitted to the peculiar conditions in Russia as the light cart drawn by Siberian ponies. I have already expatiated on the virtues of these brave little animals. What I have said about the cavalry horse applies with equal force to the transport ponies. It takes an enormous number of them to do the work, but Russia seems to have an inexhaustible supply. Sometimes six are hitched in pairs to drag heavy loads, or at other times they are harnessed four abreast. They keep going day and night in all weathers, doing extraordinary work on a small hay ration.

The Russians use two kinds of carts in their transport service. One is a two-wheeled, the other a four-wheeled wagon. Both are very light. Of course all the available commercial carts of whatever description have been pressed into the military service. The ordinary Russian farm cart forms a great part of the transport train. Recently some heavy motor-lorries of English and American type have been added to this department, but they are confined to a few main highways. The lack of communications has been the great handicap in the campaign in Poland, and to remedy



A correspondent at the front with the Russian Army, standing beside a field kitchen.

AND THE DARDANELLES

this the Russians have recently inaugurated two systems of contractors' railroads. These are operated with horse power.

Taken as a whole the most difficult problem of modern warfare, transport, has been successfully solved by the Russian army. Allied to the transport department are the portable field kitchens. How any army can exist without these very important features I now fail to see. The kitchens, which are in a word a stove and boiler on wheels, are driven at night right up to the trenches. In this manner the troops are served with a hot meal. Of course, in the heat of action, it is impossible for these kitchens to approach the firing-line, but nothing short of an actual bombardment keeps them from their duties. I have seen a train of these kitchens, fires alight, and their lamps carefully hooded, being driven through a blasting winter's storm to deliver hot stew to battle-weary troops. No soldier needs to be told how welcome such a meal is. In my judgment a contrivance of this character is the most essential part of the equipment of a modern army.

The medical department has two unique features. The first is a hospital railway carriage. It has all the fittings of a first-class operating room, being, in fact, a small field hospital on wheels. The second feature is the railway bath train. These are run out to the reserve lines at

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

some point on the railroad track, where the troops are brought in for hot scourings. The men are given complete new changes of underwear when they leave the bath train. While in the bath their outer clothes are put through a thorough process of disinfection and cleaning.

The division of transport that has to do with the removal of the wounded is remarkably well organized. It is true that rather primitive wagons are used for this work, and the wounded get a rough ride over the poor roads. Yet they are brought back with promptitude to the dressing-stations whence they are rapidly re-shipped to hospitals. It must be always borne in mind that the sanitary division of an army in time of peace exists only in outline. It would be an unnecessary expense to keep such an organization up to war-time efficiency when hostilities are not in progress. It follows that in time of war much improvisation must be carried out. Russia has accomplished this with extraordinary success. The one criticism of the hospital division is in the matter of the latrines.

This war has emphasized the importance of the trench, and there is no better trench-builder than the Russian. I have made careful studies of the trenches, known as the Blonie system, and they might serve as models for the instruction of any engineer officers. The Russian is extraordinarily skilled in woodwork. He also seems to be a



The front trenches overlooking the Bzura were dug under fire and have little protective head cover.

AND THE DARDANELLES

natural builder, and the ground fortifications which he has constructed cannot be improved upon. The greatest care has been taken to get the proper field of fire. The head-covers of the trenches are hardly a foot above ground, and the loopholes command the country for nearly a mile. The fields of high and low wire entanglements are also built according to the latest accepted ideas. The only improvement that could be made here would be the substitution of iron for wooden posts.

Since modern warfare has developed into what I call, for lack of a better term, field siege operations, it seems to me that the infantry shield should be more extensively used. From personal observation I know these protections are practical. At Port Arthur the Japanese used them with great success. Individual soldiers would advance holding the shield before them, and even under a heavy fire find the chance to throw up hasty entrenchments. When a number of men could so establish themselves reinforcements from the rear found it possible to press forward and continue the line. In this manner the enormous losses which invariably attend a frontal attack were effectively reduced. I have heard on several occasions that both the Russians and Germans have used these shields, although I have not seen them.

The Serbians used such a shield in the Balkan War. I have been informed by Lieutenant Miles,

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

the American military observer with that army, that it was a great success. He agrees with me that such protection would be a distinct asset to any army attempting the offensive.

I hesitate to write anything about the Russian officers. To discuss them at all seems like a breach of confidence against these gentlemen, who have so hospitably entertained me. It is only since the Japanese War that the younger officers of this great army have been impressed with the seriousness of their profession. They have always been brave enough, but, like so many whole-hearted outdoor men, they often found the task of technical study irksome. A lack in the Russian temperament also operates against what is termed professional soldiery. No Russian understands the necessity for rapid action. Nevertheless, the officers are taking the present conflict seriously enough. The edict of the Tsar, which forbids the use of alcohol throughout the empire, is most strictly respected in the army. This alone accounts for a great improvement in efficiency since the Japanese War.

Certain of the staff officers whom I have met have impressed me as having a remarkable grasp of their profession. As is the case in every war, the efficient officer is discovered only by the test of actual hostilities. In Russia such officers are rapidly coming to the front.

AND THE DARDANELLES

It goes without saying that no army is perfect. The Russian army has its faults, but they are all, with certain exceptions, of minor importance. One exception is a certain carelessness about the sanitation of camps and trenches. This question of sanitation has been so thoroughly drilled into me that perhaps I am over-critical. I confess that it was once charged against me that if I heard a fly in camp I would turn out the whole squadron to capture it. The latrines, where they do exist, are neglected. Even when troops have been in the same position for six weeks, I have failed to discover that they ever use an ounce of disinfectant. With some companies the erection of proper latrines has been absolutely overlooked. I am frank in the discussion of this subject, as it is a serious one.

There are two other vital defects in the Russian military organization.

The first is the lack of training in what is technically known as the service of security and information.

The second, an almost complete failure in the exchange of information between the staffs of corps and divisions.

Again and again one reads in German and Austrian reports that Russian pickets have been surprised and driven in. This criticism, of course, applies only to armies undertaking active field

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

operations. The pickets in front of trench positions have, as a rule, given ample warning of all movements by the enemy. The lack of knowledge of the rudiments of outpost work is at the bottom of many Russian disasters. In this same service the work of Russian patrols seems to have been singularly ineffective. In the campaigns in Poland the work of the scout is of supreme moment. There never should be an hour of the day or night when patrols are not covering the entire front of an army. But a patrol to be effective must be made up of intelligent trained men and officers.

In the trials of the present war the rapid development of such units is extremely difficult. The lack of co-operation between the staffs of divisions and corps is a matter that can be quickly remedied by the individual army commanders.

Again, no one can be long with a Russian army without realizing that what is summed up in the word "organization" works haltingly. To give only a minor example of what I mean, you may start off on a motor trip to the front in a staff motor and when hardly half the route is covered, the machine suddenly comes to a stop. You discover that the petrol tank is empty. No one seems to be at fault, and as like as not the officer treats the matter as a joke or the act of Providence. The indication may appear trivial, but it is one of the many straws that show the way the wind

AND THE DARDANELLES

blows. A more important instance, and one that proved disastrous for a certain Russian division, was the misdirection of two car-loads of ammunition. These were to be sent from Warsaw to Skierniewice to the division then heavily engaged. The distance was about forty miles. The troops shot away all their ammunition, battery caissons were empty, and the General was telegraphing frantically for a new supply. The only reply he received was that it was on the way. After firing his last shell, he made a forced retirement in the night. But it was a costly manœuvre. Many prisoners were taken, as the *communiqués* say, but I warrant that the Germans captured more men than cartridges. After an investigation it became known that the car-loads of cartridges and projectiles had gone to Sochaczef, the shipping officer having confused the names.

Then the Russians are temperamentally procrastinators. The necessity for prompt action never strikes them.

I do not give these criticisms as applying to the whole force. It may chance that they are isolated instances upon which I put too much value. But I cannot refrain from mentioning them as throwing light on a side of the military status often impenetrable to the outsider.

Russia suffers from lack of officers. In the severe fighting of the early months of the war, the

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

loss among the commissioned *personnel* was high. With the huge machine so recently brought into being, it is no easy matter to replace officers lost. This is especially true concerning trained staff aids.

The need of munitions in Russia is notorious. Here is the nation's weakness. No matter how valiant the spirit, men cannot fight without arms.

To summarize, I consider the Russian infantryman one of the finest soldiers in the world. Courage, patience, and obedience are his chief virtues. And when you remember that even under the most trying exposure and the severest privations he does not grumble, you understand that he is a fighting man who will never quit. The Cossack is a cavalryman whose record is already a tradition. The Cossack regiments which have had the opportunity to show their metal have amply proved that they live up to those splendid traditions. Savage they may be, but the world must realize by this time that the classic expression of General Sherman epitomizes conditions when man fights man.

The Russian Artilleryman, a little over-brave perhaps, is gradually shaping into a first-class technical soldier. The transport is excellent: the clearing of the wounded is good; the commissariat department, especially the division represented by the portable kitchens, is excellent ;

AND THE DARDANELLES

arms and equipment are modern in every respect ; the officers are hard working. Add to these efficient leadership, and you cannot fail to produce a splendid army.

So far, Russia has produced no transcendent genius among her generals.

General Ruzsky, who was in command of the army which operated with such success along the River Pilitza, proved himself to be a tactician of no little merit. Unfortunately, he has been ill during a greater part of his service, and so has often been incapacitated for command.

General Ivanoff has always been considered the deepest military student in Russia. His counsels are supposed to hold the greatest weight in the meetings of the great General Staff.

General Radko Dimitrieff came to the present war with a splendid reputation as a field general because of his success against the Turks, commanding the Bulgarians at the victory of Lule Burgas.

General Aliexeff, a new field commander, may develop into the military leader whom Russia at the moment needs.

Naturally the character of most interest in the Russian Army is the former Generalissimo, Grand Duke Nicolaivitch. He is a Russian of the old school. His great stature, he stands six feet eight inches in his boots, and his Romanoff features give him the appearance of a Russian of the historic

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS AND DARDANELLES

novel. While in command of the main armies, he never spared himself in the service of his Emperor and his country. He demanded the same sacrifices from the men who worked with him. Influence would not save the officer who had been neglectful, no matter what his rank. The Grand Duke's tempers were a proverb. Gossip reported that he roundly scored General Rennenkampf when the latter came to explain his failure to close the gap that meant capture for two German corps, and in pronouncing demotion the Grand Duke tore the shoulder knots from the old Manchurian fighter.

In the Caucasus Nicolai Nicolaivitch will find himself in a war area more suited to his peculiar genius.

RUSSIA'S CAMPAIGNS IN POLAND

CHAPTER V

RUSSIA'S CAMPAIGNS IN POLAND

IN order to understand the Russian campaigns in Poland, it is necessary to keep in touch, not only with the military, but also with the political situation. As late as 1905 certain disaffected sections of the Polish population had risen against the Russian Government. The revolution was quickly suppressed. It left behind it, however, as was only natural, an aftermath of distrust, and this distrust was one of the main factors which determined the General Staff of the Russian army to disregard Poland in their plans at the commencement of the war. Also, it must be borne in mind that the Vistula offers a splendid natural barrier along the western frontier of Russia, and then it is easy to see why Russian corps were not hurried through Poland early in the campaign to threaten Silesia.

It can now also be acknowledged that the Russian mobilization proceeded very slowly. The enormous extent of the Tsar's Empire makes the concentration of large bodies of troops at any

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

point a tedious and laborious operation. These generalizations should always remain at the back of the mind, and not be lost sight of in studying the strategy of the Grand Duke Nicholas. Doubts of the loyalty of the Poles caused mobilization in that part of the empire to be delayed. In fact, there was a panic in Poland when war was declared, and Russian officials, with their families, made ready for departure. Fortunately, the German plan did not contemplate an immediate invasion of Russian Poland, and the moral advantage of an advance amongst a population wavering in their attitude was thus lost. The first German masses were sent hurtling across Belgium in that futile march on Paris which ended at the Marne. As is now known, the German plan was to smash the French and then turn on the more slowly mobilizing Russians with an army flushed by victory in the West.

I have no means of accurately stating what German forces were available on the Eastern frontier, but I do not hesitate to say that three corps, if put immediately in motion, could have swept unopposed to the capital of the ancient kingdom. Curiously enough, the only operations of any importance started by the Germans against Russia had the effect of destroying such little Polish aid as the enemy might reasonably have expected to count upon. That was the assault on

AND THE DARDANELLES

Kalish. This frontier town suffered the same fate as those Belgian cities which lay in the path of the advancing hordes. A discussion of Polish motives of loyalty or disloyalty would be out of place here, but I can say in passing that this attack on the civil population of Kalish was a heavy weight in the scale which now turned the Poles against the Germans and towards Russia.

To this day the citizens of Warsaw do not understand why their city was not occupied by the Germans in the first week of hostilities. They know that in the great plan of the Russian General Staff Warsaw had been eliminated as a military stronghold, its garrison reduced, and its forts demolished. At the outbreak of war such forces as were in Poland were withdrawn to the line of the fortresses which constitute the main Russian defence. The evacuation of Poland made the invasion of that country a simple matter when Germany turned her attention eastwards. Before this event, however, the Tsar's advisers, from special information which they received from their secret service, became convinced that they had done the civil population of Poland a great injustice. The Poles still cherish dreams of liberty, and would certainly side with any Power which promised them absolute independence. But from their brothers in German Poland they had heard so many tales of the oppression practised

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

by their conquerors, that, on sober and matured consideration, they decided that to give up their allegiance to the Tsar and throw in their lot with the Kaiser would merely be exchanging a fairly warm frying-pan for an exceedingly hot fire.

Thus, when no popular rising materialized and the Teutons failed to appear, certain Russian corps made their way back to Warsaw. Coincident with the reoccupation of the capital, the two famous Russian offensive movements were commenced, the first in the north, through East Prussia, and the second in the south, through Austrian Poland. The Russian plan was to extend by force of arms the ancient kingdom of the Poles to its former boundaries, and so the Grand Duke Nicholas composed and signed his famous proclamation. This proclamation promised the Poles virtual liberty, and was everywhere enthusiastically received. It is stated that the document was delayed in publication several days by a certain high Russian official, who had little confidence in the professed loyalty of the Poles. For this reason it did not appear in public print until August 16.

Shortly afterwards the German proclamation appeared. It was scattered by an aeroplane in the streets of Warsaw. Unfortunately, as has been shown on so many occasions throughout this war, the Germans are absolutely devoid of any

AND THE DARDANELLES

sense of humour, or else have an entire misconception of what the rest of the world regards as humour. For if these handbills had any effect in turning the thoughts of the Poles towards Germany, that effect was entirely destroyed on the following day, when the city was again visited by an aviator, who on this occasion dropped bombs instead of promises of liberty. He succeeded in killing four non-combatants. Needless to say, this did not increase the popularity of the Germans.

Leaving this brief political summary, let us turn to the military side of the situation. The value of a military movement must not be judged entirely by its local success or lack of success, but by the general effect it creates on the larger conduct of the war. Applying this test, the operations of Generals Rennenkampf and Samsonoff in East Prussia, although the latter suffered staggering defeats at Tannenberg, must be regarded as virtual victories.

The invasion of East Prussia, a country dear to the heart of the Kaiser, compelled the transference of certain corps from the western to the eastern theatre of war at a moment when every man was necessary to consummate the advantage gained by the rapid march on Paris. A disaster was suffered in East Prussia, and the Germans gained a victory at the cost of perhaps a decisive success on the Marne. Two days after Samsonoff's

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

defeat at Tannenberg the Russians gained a big victory and occupied Lemberg. This caused a wail of despair to arise from the Austrians, and they appealed frantically to the great German General Staff for aid and succour. I know that two Austrian generals of high rank were sent to plead personally for aid in expelling the Russians from Galicia.

This meant another drain on the forces so urgently needed in France, but so confident were the Germans of their superiority that they did not hesitate to send help to the Austrians. Just how many corps the Germans moved to the east from the west in this critical period will not be known until all active operations have ceased. The question of actual numbers is of little importance in this résumé. The result of this Russian offensive in East Prussia and in Galicia was to reduce the German numerical superiority, which, as I have already said, was the direct cause of their defeat on the Marne.

This summary is necessary in order to grasp the general situation, and to understand the better the German campaigns in Poland proper, which is my particular subject.

Let us begin with a study of the terrain. Poland is an excrescence on the side of Russia. Geographically, it is a source of distinct weakness. North, west, and south the enemy's territory

AND THE DARDANELLES

encompasses it. The Germans and Austrians, with their usual thoroughness, have seamed this surrounding territory with a network of railways. These railroads are not only parallel with the Polish boundary, but there is hardly an interval of more than a hundred miles along any point of the frontier where the branch of an Austrian or German line does not approach Russian territory. The splendid use Germany has made of these railroads is one of the great lessons of the war. Contrast with this system of communication, so complete and well organized, the paucity of railroads in Poland available for the Russian mobilization. Radiating from Warsaw there are three main lines running north-west, west, and south-west. Beginning in the north we have the Warsaw-Lovicz-Thorn system, with a branch running from Lovicz to Lodz-Kalish. Then there is the Warsaw-Czestochowa road. The third line of considerable military importance is the Ivangorod-Radom-Keilce-Bendzin system.

In comparing these systems of railways with the German, one striking fact is immediately apparent. The German-Austrian roads go round Poland like so many iron belts. The Russian lines are not connected laterally, except by the small line running from Lodz south-east. This defect is of considerable military significance.

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

As an illustration, when the Russians were committed to their movement against Cracow on the Warsaw-Czestochova line, the Germans developed a strong counter-offensive from Thorn.

To meet this the Russian army was compelled to retrace its steps, and retire on Warsaw, and there re-entrain on the Lovicz line. This gave the Germans a great advantage in point of time. If the Russians had been able to move approximately direct on their enemies they would have been in an immensely superior position. Perhaps the best way to illustrate the defect of communication is to liken the railways of Poland to the spokes of a wheel, with Warsaw as the hub. The trouble is that the rim is lacking, or, rather, the rim is built in the enemy's country. East of Warsaw the lines of communication are fair. Five great arteries of traffic converge on the Polish capital. Against this facility of communication we must balance the great distances over which troops are moved in Russia. This is another strategic disadvantage.

As has so often been stated, Poland is almost entirely flat. To the general eye it is a country of villages and farms. There are a few main roads, which have been macadamized, connecting the principal cities, but for the rest, communication consists in mere farm tracks, which after rain become almost impossible for troops and transport

AND THE DARDANELLES

and guns. Great sections of the country are marsh land, this being especially true of the regions bordering the upper reaches of the Pilitza.

The southern section of Poland is more heavily wooded than the northern, although pine forests border nearly all the rivers. These pine forests have a distinct tactical value in the operations of both armies. To quote one example, the fight which lasted nearly two months on the Upper Rawka was for the possession of a wood in the vicinity of Sucha. The Vistula is the great high-road through the centre of Poland; it alone is navigable, and it has been utilized by both armies for bringing up supplies and ammunition.

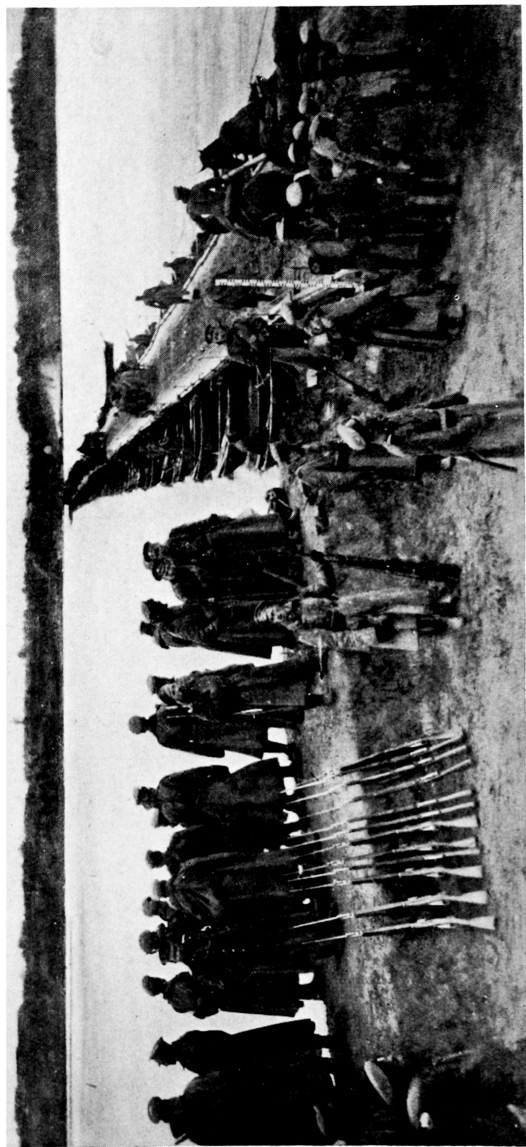
Innumerable smaller rivers, such as the Bzura, the Rawka, and the Pilitza, find their way to this mighty stream and form obstacles in the free passage of great armies across the flat plains. In the vicinity of the rivers the plain is even more depressed. These general conditions have one peculiar effect. The rainfall disappears slowly from the surface soil, and this brings us to the extraordinary weather conditions that prevailed during the campaign up to the month of February. Historical precedent makes us look for the redoubtable Generals January and February as the most powerful Russian allies. Curiously enough, in the Polish campaign it was General Thaw who dominated the situation. The winter was so

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

abnormally mild that the Germans were continually upset in their great offensive movements by finding the smaller rivers unfordable, and thus uncrossable, when in normal years they would have found them frozen solid.

Had it not been for the insuperable difficulties of transport, due to this cause at the end of 1914, the spirited German offensive down the valley of the Vistula would certainly have been more successful than it was. Again, I must impress on those interested in these campaigns the fact that the Russian forces move with extreme slowness. Also, as far as my observation serves me, and judging from results, the generals do not come to decisions quickly. This means that the element of time so important in warfare is always on the side of the Germans. It may just as well be admitted that the quick variations in German strategy bewildered the Russian commanders and frequently took them completely by surprise. However, luck and the execrable weather conditions nearly always altered the German strategy, and, in a measure, neutralized their rapidity of movement and decision.

What caused the original German withdrawal from Poland last October, when they had advanced almost to Warsaw and Ivangorod? The reasons are not easy to state, unless this advance from the south-east was merely a skilful piece of bluff,



A pontoon bridge across the Vistula.

In the mild winter of 1914-15 the Russian rivers did not freeze, and it was due to this circumstance that the German attacks on Warsaw were unsuccessful at that time.

AND THE DARDANELLES

intended to lure the main Russian armies into Southern Poland and to induce them to run their heads against Cracow, whilst Von Hindenburg made his great counter-offensive between the Vistula and the Warta. Immediately on entering Southern Poland the Germans occupied Bendzin, which is the centre of the great coal district, and they have tenaciously clung to this conquest ever since. They then moved north-east to Ivangorod and Warsaw, in conjunction with the Austrians. In view of the tremendous importance which they attached to the Polish capital it is incomprehensible that they did not occupy Warsaw five months before they did. The Russians were not prepared to defend the town, and only a weak rearguard remained there. The German armies suffered no serious reverse, and yet suddenly their offensive collapsed, and they rushed back to the Silesian frontier in an astonishing hurry.

The Russians took immediate advantage of this withdrawal and achieved great successes along the valley of the Pilitza. The German retirement increased in speed from day to day, and at certain points the Russian cavalry lost touch with the enemy. Yet as illustrating the extraordinary efficiency of the German army, they completed a thorough destruction of all communications over which they passed. Not only were all the ordinary expedients of delaying a pursuit

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS AND DARDANELLES

used, but the roads were also mined and blown up in a zigzag fashion, leaving great, gaping holes, which could only be repaired with time and labour.

RUSSIA'S CAMPAIGNS IN POLAND
(continued)

CHAPTER VI
RUSSIA'S CAMPAIGNS IN POLAND
(continued)

COINCIDENT with this retreat the Russians also achieved a distinct success against the Austrian forces on the San. The original Russian offensive plan contemplated the capture of Cracow, and the general entrusted with this task was the famous Radko Demitrieff, the Bulgarian leader and hero of Lule Burgas. The Russians, in fact, gained a big victory at Jaroslau, and this enabled them to commence the first investment of Przemysl. General Demitrieff pushed forward with incredible swiftness, and this offensive movement in Northern Galicia is one of the brightest pages of the Polish campaign.

The withdrawal of the Germans from Central Poland to the Silesian frontier set free the army of General Ruzsky, who, advancing from Ivan-gorod and the line of the Vistula, swept through Southern Poland to attack Cracow from the north, and his advance guards actually reached

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

Miechhof, a few miles from the fortress. In the light of subsequent events, we know that it was the German plan to commit the Russians to an attack against a first-class fortress, which they considered practically impregnable. In the study of this campaign we must always bear in mind that the Germans lay great stress on what I can only describe as sensational coups. Their point of view is that the capture of a point such as Paris or Calais has a distinct psychological effect, in addition to the actual strategical results obtained. For this reason Von Hindenburg now suddenly became obsessed with a longing to capture Warsaw. There were also political reasons to influence this decision.

According to the Kaiser's proclamation a new King was promised to the Poles, and it is conceivable that if the Germans were in occupation of Warsaw and held nine-tenths of Polish territory they would instal one of their satellites as the successor of the ancient line. This, therefore, brings us to the audacious counter-offensive planned by Von Hindenburg, and it must be conceded that the old warrior conceived and executed the manœuvre in a highly effective way.

He had already by his sudden retreat to the Silesian frontier committed the bulk of the Russian forces to an attack on Cracow, and having more or less denuded Central and Northern Poland

AND THE DARDANELLES

of the enemy, he prepared his dramatic counter-stroke. He knew what advantages he held in having the network of railroads in Silesia at his disposal, and he took full advantage of his superior mobility. The transference of numerous army corps from Southern Silesia to Thorn and the adjacent cities was of a piece with the German methods of railway organization. Undoubtedly Von Hindenburg was correctly informed of the weakness of the Russians in Central Poland. He also knew he would have to pay but little attention to his flanks if he marched his army boldly down the tongue of land between the Vistula and the Warta. Simultaneously with the main movement from Thorn the Germans commenced an extraordinary counter-offensive from Vielun. The adventures of these two corps under the command of General François, a German Huguenot, form one of the most remarkable incidents of the campaign.

He fought his way directly eastwards through the Russian army which was now being brought rapidly back to Warsaw to check Von Hindenburg's disclosed offensive between the Vistula and the Warta. South of Lodz General François's two corps, reduced by hard fighting to a corps and a half, was practically surrounded. It will be remembered at the time how the official *communiqués* from Petrograd announced the sur-

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

rounding and capture of an entire German army corps. This desirable consummation was, however, not brought about, to the great annoyance of the Russian General Staff.

I know from a German officer who served with this little army that they wandered round for six days in a circle, finding themselves everywhere blocked by superior Russian forces. Fortunately for them, at the last moment a gap was discovered. This gap was supposed to have been stopped by General Rennenkampf, who had a corps and a half at his disposal. This old Manchurian veteran went forward at forced marches with half a corps, leaving the task of bringing up the main body to his second in command. He seized a position which closed the gap, but unfortunately his second in command failed him. The reinforcements did not come up in time, and the Germans, driven desperate by their terrible position, cut their way through Rennenkampf's slender force, made good their escape after suffering heavy losses in men and material, and eventually joined hands with Von Hindenburg. Rennenkampf has in consequence been relieved of his command, as well as his second in command, but it would seem as if the fates had dealt unkindly with the old veteran.

During all this time it must be borne in mind that Ruzsky was trying to make a half-wheel

AND THE DARDANELLES

to throw his army across the line defending Warsaw, which he had now grasped was Von Hindenburg's real objective. An isolated Russian division which held Plock was eaten up by the Germans, and it was only extraordinary exertions on the part of the Russians that enabled Ruzsky finally to occupy and entrench the line of the Bzura and Rawka.

There was a very sharp encounter at the junction of the railroads east of Lodz. Lodz itself was probably one of the most stupendous battles in the history of the world. The Germans had six corps engaged and the Russians eight, but not all the eight were present at the early fighting. It would be idle to try and give a detailed account of the movements of both armies, the front covered being so enormous. The compilation of the orders given during the battle would alone be a stupendous task. As a net result of the fighting and the terrific slaughter, the Russians were obliged to evacuate the city of Lodz and to fall back on Warsaw and the line of the Bzura. Before the main army took up this position there was a heavy rearguard action in Lovitz. In speaking of rearguard actions, it must be remembered that the term is no longer used in its former sense. In modern warfare whole corps cover the retirement of an army, and engage in actions which, as far as numbers of men and guns are

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

concerned, equal some of the greatest battles of the Napoleonic era.

After the evacuation of Lodz we find the Russians safely entrenched along the line of the Bzura, which is the natural defence of Warsaw. In the general retirement, however, one division had been left in an advanced position to the west of Sochaczew. The Germans launched twelve separate assaults on this isolated corps, which was endeavouring to retire over ground of exceeding difficulty. A great portion of the division fell into the hands of the enemy, and the Germans claim to have captured over 20,000 prisoners, which is probably an exaggeration.

This was the last incident in Von Hindenburg's second great offensive against Warsaw. By this time that offensive had spent its force, and in the interval of comparative quiet which followed, the Russians seized the opportunity of regrouping their armies along the line which they held until they finally evacuated Poland.

While the operations slackened in North Poland, hostilities were continued without interruption in North Galicia. The Russian offensive had advanced so close to Cracow that it became imperative to relieve the pressure. The Germans, apparently having at their disposal an inexhaustible supply of reserves, sent forward an army to threaten Piotrkow. At the same time the

AND THE DARDANELLES

Austrians made their counter-attack across the southern passes of the Carpathians.

This move was extremely important, because the advance guard of the Russian army had entered Hungary by one of the passes further west. The Austrian counter-offensive was carried out with great skill, and compelled a change of front on the part of the Russians. It was at this time that the investment of Przemyśl was first raised. The cordon of steel was withdrawn from the Galician city, and the Austrians were not slow to take advantage of their opportunity. The civil population was practically expelled, and reinforcements, as well as immense supplies of food and ammunition, were brought in.

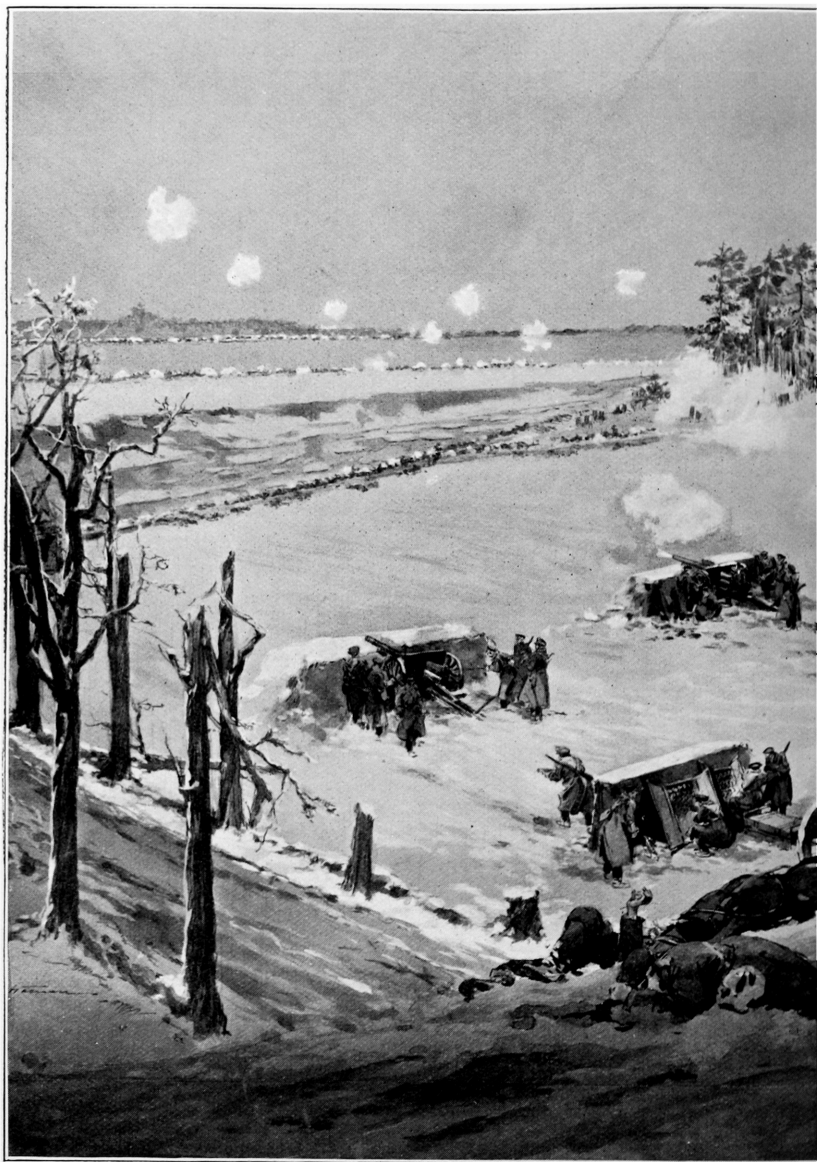
Not only did Von Hindenburg's offensive alter the complexion of the military situation in Galicia, it also had a distinct bearing upon the operations in East Prussia. The Russian operations against the Masurian Lakes were completely disorganized. It was, therefore, decided to abandon the proposed offensive in East Prussia, and to make a strong line in front of Warsaw. All the Russian armies were drawn upon to co-operate in this new distribution. The line of defence decided upon formed a half circle from Novo Georgevitch to Radom. Roughly, the Russian line was bounded on two sides by the Vistula, with the Bzura, Rawka, and Pilitza also serving as formidable obstacles.

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

Now the Germans began another of their incomprehensible frontal offensives. The battles of the Bzura—the plural is used advisedly, because they extended over a period of two months—can be in a way likened to the campaigning that has taken place along the Yser. I first visited the actual scene of conflict on December 22, 1914. At that time the Germans were directing their main offensive against Sochaczew and Bolimow.

At the latter point they achieved certain local successes. I read afterwards in American papers that the Germans claimed a tremendous victory, going so far as to grant the school children a holiday in honour of their success. It certainly did the school children no more harm than it did the Russians. In justice to the enemy, however; it must be admitted that they showed the sternest courage in face of most appalling conditions. Time and time again whole battalions would wade through the freezing waters of the Rawka to struggle out on the opposite bank, where the snow-covered entrenchments poured forth immediate destruction on those who survived the passage of the river.

Daylight fighting ceased very early in these operations, and most of the attacks were carried through at night. Of course, both sides kept up intermittent artillery and rifle fire during the day, but it was only under cover of darkness that



Battle of



the Bzura.

AND THE DARDANELLES

troops could be formed for the notorious mass attacks. Often the Russians would allow large bodies of the Germans to reach their side of the river, only to close in on them from three sides and either annihilate or capture them.

Throughout this period the Germans were unable to bring up the heavy artillery, which has been their great stand-by in the west, owing to the awful state of the roads. Most of these heavy guns are not German, but Austrian. Finally, Von Morgan, who commands at Bolimow, managed to get up two of the famous 30·5-centimetre Austrian guns and commenced the bitter contest for the possession of Mogely farm.

At first the great shells disconcerted the Russians, but after a time they paid as little attention to them as they did to the smaller projectiles. The 30·5-centimetre shells would often make a crater eleven feet deep and forty paces in circumference. When they actually hit a trench, which fortunately was seldom, it ceased to exist, and the occupants disappeared, completely covered with earth, but after being dug out were often found but little hurt. Sometimes, however, they would suffer from concussion, which it often took two months to cure, although there would be no visible wound.

After six weeks of this hammer-and-tongs fighting Von Hindenburg decided on new tactics. He again threatened from the north, and suc-

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

ceeded in capturing Mlava. At the same time the Russians developed a cavalry advance north of the Vistula. This was nothing more than a demonstration to cover their extraordinary offensive in Bukovina and Galicia. I need not dwell on how Von Hindenburg again countered this new offensive by his sudden concentration and attack on the Russian armies in East Prussia, where he repeated his victory of Tannenberg on a smaller and less decisive scale.

I have already laid stress on the point that Poland is surrounded on three sides by the enemy's country, highly organized for the rapid concentration and transportation of enormous bodies of troops. Apart from this tremendous disadvantage under which the Russians suffer, we know that the German spy system in the Tsar's realm is just as efficient as it has proved elsewhere. Thus, they immediately acquire a profound knowledge of any intended movement as soon as it has been decided upon by the Russian General Staff. To me, the most telling disadvantage has been the fact that Russia has always been obliged to act on the defensive. She held a line practically from the Baltic to Bukovina, 1,000 miles in extent. Even with her enormous resources it is not possible to concentrate sufficient strength at all points to meet the rapid superiority of numbers which Von Hindenburg was able

AND THE DARDANELLES

to concentrate, owing to his railway system.

The German field-marshal's well executed manœuvres only delayed the great Russian advance planned through Galicia. In point of actual physical obstacles overcome this is one of the greatest achievements in history of any mobile army. It is impossible to describe the intense cold and the overwhelming snowstorms of the Carpathians. I had a taste of the winter at its worst in travelling from Rovno to Lemberg. The whole surface of the Carpathians was two feet under a bed of snow, in places there were drifts fully six feet high. I have seen nothing in the hardest winters of North-west America worse than the Galician snowstorm. The weather did not daunt the Russians. With the cold at its worst, their columns scaled the passes of the Carpathians. Guns and transport wagons were actually hauled mile after mile by the stumbling soldiers. Some of the roads passed along narrow cliffs that dropped off to abysmal depths. A false step and the soldier would disappear into a void. I draw this picture of the terrible weather handicaps, for in no account that I have read of this splendid Russian campaign has this feature been brought forward prominently enough.

With the subsequent misfortunes of the Tsar's troops the splendid work they did in Galicia is overlooked. The fact that in despite of fierce

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS AND DARDANELLES

opposition they succeeded in occupying all the passes of the Carpathians, and were pushing a small force over on the plains of Hungary must impress any impartial student of the Russian campaign. They were operating in a hostile country along most extended communications.

It was a brilliantly conceived bit of strategy, worthily executed, and failed because of one vital flaw. It was impossible with the means at hand and with the available reserve supply to furnish sufficient ammunition to the armies spread over the Carpathian ridges. Knowledge of this condition came to the German General Staff early in the spring of 1915. Immediately they organized the tremendous counter-offensive. General von Mackensen in command of these armies, by his enormous artillery superiority, was able to drive back the Russian line. The Russians had been husbanding their ammunition, hoping all the time to be able to replenish dwindling supplies. When the test came they were unable to do this, and so were compelled to retire.

As they evacuated Galicia before the steady press of countless Austrian-German divisions, the battle scene once more shifted to Poland.

THE PLIGHT OF POLAND

CHAPTER VII

THE PLIGHT OF POLAND

THREE gigantic armies march and counter-march over the prostrate body of a stricken nation. With all the savagery of those Aztecs who threw the hearts of their victims to the God of War, do the Germans immolate the Poles. The pale grey plains are lit by a thousand fires, and each blaze was once a home. But the crackle of burning timbers is drowned in the rattle of musketry and the booming of guns. On the fields of battle other dramas are played. Here the Poles bare their breasts to each other's bullets, for the first ranks of the German and Austrian armies are thick with Poland's sons.

To understand the tragedy of to-day in Poland we must remember that the kingdom originally stretched far beyond its present boundaries. West Prussia, Posen, Silesia, and Galicia were all once part of the nation. And, like all denationalized peoples, the Poles have clung to their traditions with a fervour little short of fanatic. They might live a thousand years under the

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

Prussian or Russian eagles, and be in the end stronger in their patriotism.

The fact that the ethnological and geographical boundaries do not coincide has, in this age of conscription, brought about one of the saddest situations the world has ever seen. Regiments of the expatriated have been driven to slaughter their brothers. Doubting their loyalty the Germans forced the Poles to hold the first line of battle, and chose for them the most dangerous positions. In consequence they were sacrificed by thousands. Thus were they punished for their patriotism. That the Poles support Russia in the present crisis is a bitter disappointment to Germany. It is no secret that the seed of revolution was part of the early German strategy. Emissaries, fat with Prussian gold, sought to pollute the pure stream of Polish loyalty with the poison of intrigue. The plan was a complete failure. The Poles knew too well the chains that bound their brethren in Prussia. The cruel law of expropriation made it possible for the Germans to condemn and confiscate all land in the hands of German Poles. This law was enacted in order to Germanize the Polish territory included in the Prussian realm after the famous three partitions of Poland. This borderland Slav province was looked upon as a menace. Systematically the Prussian authorities proceeded to effect what

AND THE DARDANELLES

amounted to an expulsion of the original inhabitants. Briefly the expropriation law worked out in the following manner: Farms owned by Poles would be legally condemned. The owner would be paid the condemnation price, always lower than the intrinsic value of the land. A German colonist paying a nominal rental to the Government was then installed. The Polish landholders were literally turned adrift. Families that had been bred and born on their few contented acres back to the time of the mythical Queen Wanda were driven to find new homes. True they received certain sums for their inheritances, but can you pay for land when one has buried the heart in it? Some of these expatriated wanderers took the road back to Russian Poland. Others stayed on in Posen or Silesia where the Germans boasted they enjoyed the improvements inaugurated under Prussian administration. But the injustices they suffered far outweighed all the economic advantages that go with living in Germany.

Of what use are railways, of what use perfect farm roads, when you own no land? Can you send your children to school when they have no home? Those who were allowed to hold their little farms worked under such restrictions that life was a bitter struggle.

An American once said everything in Germany

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

is *verboten* save bending the knee to the Emperor. This applies with triple force to Posen and Silesia, ancient Polish provinces. It seems to have been the policy of the conqueror to make life so hard for the expatriated sons of the knight among nations, that they would starve or trail back to the motherland, selling their holding for a song.

In a mad dream of commercial expansion the Teuton schemed for Germanizing, not alone that division which had come to him, but all of Poland. What he was not able to do by intrigue he now accomplishes by arms.

In Germany the Pole was far worse off than in Austria. Galicia was the hothouse where the flower of Polish patriotism continued to flourish through the centuries. Here the people were almost free. Their own priests blessed them in the churches. Polish professors would thrill their scholars with stories of the nation's ancient glory. Polish hymns were sung wherever the people gathered. It was permitted to fly the ancient flag, to carry the white Polish eagles on fête days. Even it was allowed to elect those who should govern.

Of course, the nominal head of the government in Galicia was sent from Vienna, but, to all intents and purposes, the Poles enjoyed autonomy. The Galicians in the Parliament of Austria turned the scale for or against many a measure. The

AND THE DARDANELLES

highest places of empire were open to them.

But Galicia was the step-child province. When the empire's money was doled out, the Polish portion was last to be allotted. No roads were built here. No splendid public buildings were erected—in fact, such as remained were confiscated to Austrian service: witness the Palace of Cracow. The land was poorer than the worst parts of Ireland.

So bad were economical conditions that, notwithstanding freedom, the Pole of Galicia was poorer than his brother of Posen. People who are poor are never wholly happy. So, despite parading on Polish holidays, despite hymn-singing, despite freedom of religion, language, tradition, schools, the expatriated found their burden too heavy. When the call to arms sounded, the Austrian Poles were in a quandary. Where did their interests lie? Reduced to its final analysis the Poles regarded the situation in the light of a mathematical problem. If Poland were conquered by the Germans and Austrians they knew their motherland would be divided between the victors. On the other hand, if they threw in their lot with Russia what would be their fate?

Then came the proclamation of the Grand Duke Nicolai Nicolaivitch. It promised self-government, the long dream of the Poles. Tactfully it

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

referred to the past greatness of the nation. Its every phrase rang with sincerity. It gave the word of a man of honour, and the people trust this uncle of the Tsar.

The proclamation decided Poland. All who were in Russia embraced the Allies' cause with fervour. They were ready to make the last sacrifice for their beloved country. But Posen, West Prussia, and Galicia turned tragic eyes towards the motherland. How should they act?

In Galicia desertions were frequent. Alas! the German rule of iron forbade this simple solution of the trouble. So it is in that army that sons of Poland have suffered so terribly.

It cannot be said that Russia had no qualms about her step-child kingdom. From certain sources the authorities had heard of efforts of the Germans to corrupt Polish loyalty, and when Germany also promised the kingdom its freedom there was danger to be apprehended. So at least thought some.

This led to the subordination of Poland in the great scheme of Russian strategy. A plan was adopted whereby the fighting forces would be massed behind the Polish salient. Political reasons not only influenced this arrangement but it was dictated by basic strategy. The hostile occupation of East Prussia and Galicia threatened Poland and both flanks. And with a people whose

AND THE DARDANELLES

loyalty was doubted, there had been a Polish revolution as late as 1905, it was believed the Russian authorities might be compelled to leave their posts and seek refuge behind the Russian lines.

In Warsaw, Government monies were removed upon the outbreak of hostilities. The governor and his staff with a host of minor officials packed their trunks and were prepared to leave at the first sign of hostility on the part of the people. Throughout Poland the details of mobilization were neglected. In Plotz the men called to the colours were assembled and listed by the parish priest. In other centres Poles organized themselves in units for Russian service.

Thus instead of being a factor of weakness Poland was a bulwark for Russia. It was the massacre of the people of Kalish that definitely turned the Poles from Germany. Here the deliberate brutalities of German *Fürchterlichkeit* taught the peaceful citizens what they might expect from the Prussian soldiery. Old men and women killed, maidens violated, the young men forced into the ranks of the invading army, such was the fate of Kalish. The attack was carried out with a savagery unparalleled even in Belgium. Is it to be wondered that the Poles sought revenge ?

Poland has a record high among the fighting nations. The Polish Legion under Napoleon was

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

a corps of proverbial courage. The Poles have seen the day when the Prussians bent the knee before them. They battle to bring back that day.

Russian custom provides that conscript Poles must join the Siberian or Caucasian regiments. Officers and men are drafted to distant parts of the empire, and formed into units which garrison the Chinese frontier. This policy was dictated by Russian suspicion of Polish loyalty.

In some of these regiments 80 per cent. are Poles. Thus it is simpler to instruct in the home language. Many commands rang out across the Bzura in Polish.

“As brave as a Pole” has come to be a common saying in the Russian Army. Kosciusko’s and Pulaski’s descendants could never be cowards.

With a million of such fighting men in the lines, think of the havoc wrought on both sides. The Poles are divided—about half a million are with Russia, a quarter of a million with the Germans, and another quarter with the Austrians. Here is an army in itself.

Think of the feeling of these men when they go into battle. They know that they are murdering their own friends. There have been cases where brothers fighting in the armies have faced each other. Sometimes, on the Austrian side, it has been possible to cheat fate and surrender. But

AND THE DARDANELLES

with the brutal Germans, so skilled in the savagery of war, a Teuton marches beside each unfortunate Pole with orders to shoot him should he attempt to fly or fire in the air.

This is the plight of Poland. As Belgium was the battle-ground in the West, this country is the arena in the East. The case here is more pitiful, if possible, for Poland has few friends. Here, as in King Albert's country, famine stalks through the land. When war commenced the population of Poland was twelve millions. Add to these five million soldiers. Then destroy the crops, cattle, homes. Cut off all supplies save those for soldiers, and how shall the people feed ? Is it a wonder that churches are always crowded ?

Poland has arrived at a new crisis in her history. Out of their misery the people have come face to face with a momentous question which involves the future existence of their beloved country. Their decision involves a heartrending conflict between their fervour of patriotism and the harsh demands of material existence.

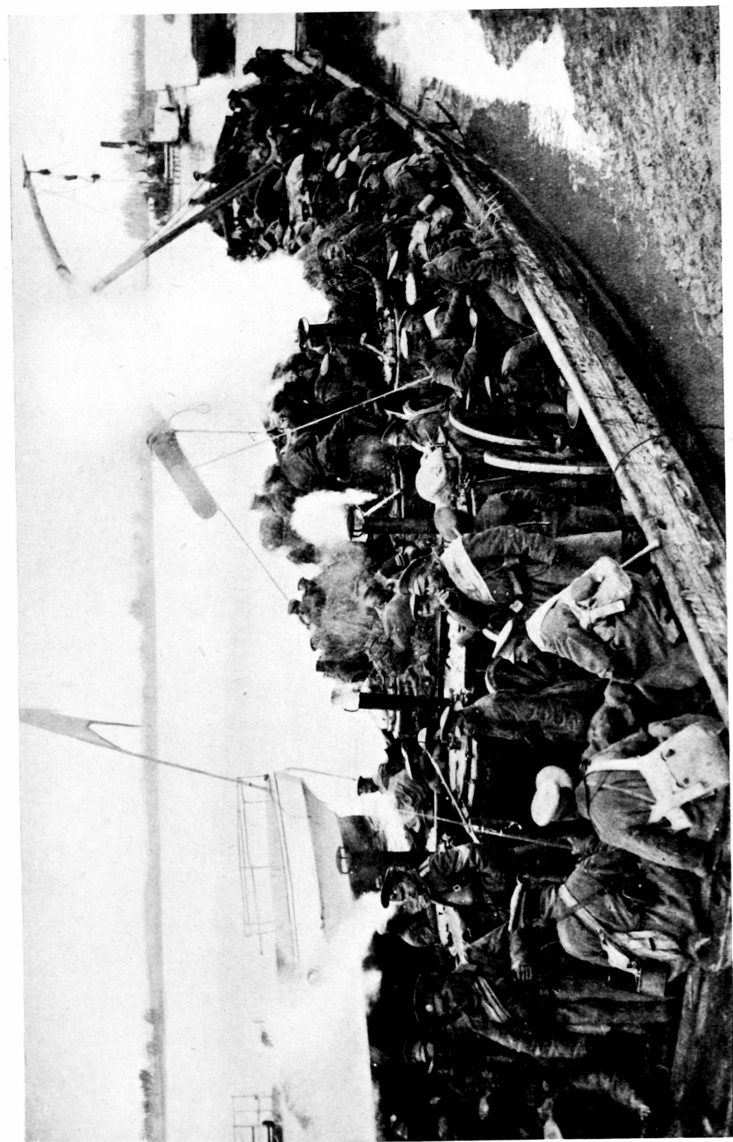
An arrogant conqueror whom they have by bitter experience learned to hate and suspect, tempts them with an offer of pseudo-freedom. This conqueror pretends that he grants the long-desired dream of Poland. If, as is rumoured, the German Emperor proposes to add the Duchy of Posen to the kingdom of Poland with Danzig

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

as a free port, the material prospects involved in this concession will loom large before the starving Poles. The nation is being put through the "third degree."

During the past winter the children of Poland have died by the thousand. The tragedy of the present situation is that unless they comply and accept the German offer, the coming winter will see the misery of the past year increased tenfold. If they reject, the Poles will be looked upon with suspicion. If they are in any way active against the Prussian occupation of their land, they meet the fate of traitors. If they do not acclaim their ruthless conquerors as benefactors, they will be looked upon as ungrateful. The diabolical skill of the German tempter is seen in the making of Danzig a free port. Since earliest history the Vistula has been the broad artery down which the life-blood of Polish prosperity has flown. The opening of this highway of commerce means an almost immediate transition from starvation to comfort, and perhaps plenty.

As soon as the demands of war were in any way satisfied with this outlet, the industrial situation in Poland would improve with a rush. Commercial expansion would be immediate. Besides this, if they accept the German offer they see their present pitiful condition quickly alleviated.



A transport crossing the Vistula. In the field kitchens a hot meal is being prepared.

AND THE DARDANELLES

Alas, when your wife and children are in want of bread and meat this consideration determines your whole action.

Polish hatred of the German has existed for more than a century and a half. This hatred is rooted in the broken conventions of the past and the many occasions of German frightfulness in Poland during the present war. At the same time a new feeling has grown up among the Poles toward their Slav brothers.

The presence of the Russian moujiks who for long months fought and suffered to preserve the ancient kingdom has tended to change the Polish attitude. More than all this, the proclamation of the Grand Duke in which they have a pledge of freedom and faith, language and self-government, turned the Poles towards the Russians.

As a member of the old nobility said to me in discussing this proclamation, "Tears came to my eyes when I read it. After a hundred and fifty years' serfdom, my country was to realize her cherished dream." The emotion with which these words were spoken gave me some slight insight into the depths of Polish national feeling. So often have these people been tricked by the Germans that they view in the present offer another trap. They realize that to expect as a basis of national policy the situation forced upon them by the presence of the Austro-German

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

armies, might be the gravest step taken in the history of the nation. While the Teutons conjure with the promise of adding Lithuania to the kingdom of Poland, the idea of seeing a Hapsburg seated on the throne of the Yagellons is abhorrent to the descendants of freedom-loving Kosciusko. That throne must be occupied by one of their own people. To see it held by a man of another race would only be a constant reminder of their vassalage. Let us analyse the exact words of promise in the German Chancellor's speech upon the first sitting of the Reichstag after the German victories in Poland. Referring to that country he said: "I hope that to-day's occupation of the Polish frontiers against the east represents the beginning of a development which will remove old contrasts between Germans and Poles, and will leave the country liberated from the Russian yoke to a happy future, so that it can foster and develop the individuality of its national life. *The country occupied by us will be justly administered by us with the assistance of its own population. As far as possible, we will try to adjust the unavoidable difficulties of war and will heal the wounds which Russia has inflicted on the country.*"

The first sentence in this paragraph means nothing. [The pregnant words are those italicised, "The country occupied by us will be justly administered by us." That is a direct statement

AND THE DARDANELLES

and goes to mean only one thing—German administration in Poland. The qualifying clause “with the assistance of its own population” can be interpreted in any degree which suits the German. Assistance might mean mere existence, anything except active resistance. The last sentence is bitter irony. “As far as possible we will try to adjust the unavoidable difficulties of war and will heal the wounds which Russia has inflicted on this country.” Wounds which Russia has inflicted on the country! How about the wounds inflicted by Germany? How will they heal the wound of the massacre of Kalish? How will they heal the many wounds created in their retreat down the valley of the Pilitza when every Polish village in the wake of the army was burnt, all the fields devastated and the cattle driven off? Again and again did the advancing Russians find whole families of Poles in this district actually starving.

It is a situation that cries to the world for sympathy. If Poland be tempted by her present misery to accept the German offer, let not the peoples of other nations judge too harshly. The nation only emerges from the valley of despond.

AN INTERLUDE

CHAPTER VIII

AN INTERLUDE

IN Lemberg, where I was waiting permission to follow the fortunes of the Russian forces that were scaling the Carpathians, I contracted a mild form of cholera. I was thus compelled to leave this war zone. It has been a matter of deep regret with me that circumstances prevented my return to Poland. The campaigns I had witnessed there will rank among the greatest military events in history. The final Warsaw campaign was the climax of the first year of the World War.

I left Lemberg and by devious and toilsome routes made my way back to England. In Flushing, Holland, I met Flight-Lieutenant Murray, R.N.A.S., who was one of an air squadron that had that day bombed Zeebrugge. Their object was to destroy the submarines moored at the docks. The tank of the aeroplane Lieutenant Murray piloted was pierced by a shrapnel bullet. He was compelled to land in Dutch waters, and being picked up by a Dutch destroyer, he had

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

been brought to Flushing to be interned. He was little more than a boy, and evidently regarded his narrow escape as a great lark.

Crossing on the steamer from Holland to England with me was the first batch of permanently disabled British prisoners. I include their story, although it does not touch the main subjects of this book, because it throws a vivid light on the character of the British soldier. Again it is a little dwelt upon picture of the aftermath of fighting. The sight of these broken men stirs one first with a sense of the tragedy of war, and then to a swift realization of the glory of England.

When I speak of them as broken men, I refer only to their bodies. Their spirits are undaunted. Here I see the halt, the maimed, the blind. Not old men. Strong, virile soldiers they were ; now physical wrecks. But though they have lost leg or arm or eyesight, their heart has never been shaken.

Most of their stories go back to the early dark days, when the little English force was making such desperate efforts to hold back the flood of invasion that was engulfing Belgium. Of the 200 odd prisoners who have at last returned to England after weary months of waiting and concentration, the most date their disability to Mons and the fights of the great retirement.

Among so many stories of sacrifice it is difficult

AND THE DARDANELLES

to pick out one of greater worth than another. In the cabin opposite mine lies Private Jones, of the Middlesex Regiment. He was first hit by a rifle bullet in the left leg. The bone was shattered, and he fell. He lay for hours during the heat of conflict, hoping in vain for the end of it. Suddenly his hopes die with the echo of an exploding shrapnel.

The base of the man-killing projectile crashed into his other leg, striking the knee and tearing off the knee-cap. Other bits of the shell struck various parts of his body. The German line of advance passed him as one dead. Fortunately he was picked up and taken to a Belgian hospital. For six months he has lain in the care of the good Madame Bradunt. The leg with the broken knee-cap will not heal.

As Private Jones finished this story, which I worked from him with much questioning, he said: "But when I get back home, sir, it will heal. It only needs a little touch of British soil to mend it."

In the next cabin is Private Smith, of the King's Royal Rifles. Smith was a football player. Now his right leg has been cut off from the hip.

"Better than losin' two legs, sir," said Private Smith, "an' lots better than losin' your 'ead. I'm satisfied if the Government is."

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

No word of complaint, no self-pity. Just a soldier playing the game.

Of course we all know now that the humorous element in the English army is absolutely irrepressible. But I candidly admit in regard to the two incidents I propose to relate, that, if they had not come before my personal notice, I might have been tempted to say the writer was carried away by the economical setting of the picture.

One of the men was a sergeant in the Grenadier Guards. His right leg was gone above the knee. The other—he had had the regimental marks torn from his tunic—had lost his left foot. Stepping out of my cabin I saw the first playing a sort of hopscotch along the passage way. He shouted back to his comrade, "Come along here, Bill. They got rings to 'op in." "Bill," who followed on his crutches, came up just as I was taking in my boots. Pushing his good foot in front of him he said gaily, "Cheer, oh. On'y one boot to clean."

In a darkened cabin lies Private Brown. He has five scars on his face where the German bullets have entered. The cabin is darkened because he cannot see. As he lies stretched out on his bed it is not difficult to estimate he is over six feet tall, and more than thirteen stone.

Out of the semi-darkness came the crude words

AND THE DARDANELLES

of "It's a long way to Tipperary," sung in a minor key. I could go on multiplying the stories of these sacrifices until I had gone through the roster of these wounded. The three cases I cite are typical.

They are, according to the agreement of exchange, the completely disabled; disabled they are in body, but not in mind.

In talking with the few officers who have been exchanged, they were careful to say that the Germans treated them with all the care possible. In fact, both officers and men agree that in the hospitals they could not have been treated with better care. Once away from the hospitals, however, and this fairness which is due to all enemies was forgotten.

In the concentration camps an invidious distinction was made in the treatment of French and British soldiers.

This distinction was not apparent in the treatment of the officers. But the enlisted men were always detailed to do the most degrading and difficult duties about the camp. The Germans considered the English proud and disdainful, and determined to break their spirit. If this was their hope, they have certainly not succeeded.

There was one complaint of their treatment I heard voiced by the men. I noticed a number of English soldiers grotesquely dressed in the

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS AND DARDANELLES

uniform of the French. Their own uniforms had been destroyed in battle, or worn out. When these were gone there was nothing left except such as the wastage of war supplied. In this case our Allies provided. Three of the men whom I saw were wearing the uniforms of dead French soldiers.

It so happened that our English wounded met the Germans in the waiting-room of the station at Flushing. There they saw these men well-dressed in mufti. They were clothed in the ragtag-and-bobtail of the field hospital. This seemed unfair, at least from their point of view of the exchange, for clothes were included. As to their rations while with the Germans, the men made no complaint. "They gave us as good as they had themselves," but one, who appropriated to himself two plates of ham and eggs for breakfast, remarked, with a sigh of satisfaction, "This is better than turnip stew."

It has been my fortune to see the fighting men of nearly all the armies in this war, and I have made many judgments based on what I have seen of men before they go into action. This has been the first opportunity of seeing soldiers who have been ravaged by war. It is a splendid test, and from what I have seen of these broken men the soul of the British people is as strong to-day as it was under the Iron Duke.

THE BREAK-UP OF AUSTRIA

CHAPTER IX

THE BREAK-UP OF AUSTRIA

IN returning to the fighting zone my way led through the Empire of Franz Joseph. It was a journey through a land of glory departed. Austria is an anachronism. An eighteenth-century nation amidst twentieth-century neighbours. It struggles under an archaic system of government full of the faults of non-representative government directed by a narrow-minded, short-sighted bureaucracy. When it was divorced from the dominance of the Church the governing power took to itself what in the past had been the privileges of papal authority. This system has continued to be a jealously guarded sinecure. But it is the destiny of all decaying governmental institutions to pass into oblivion. Such is the fate that menaces Austria.

What adds to the handicap of the nation is the fact that the ruling class lacks leadership qualities. An assassin's hand destroyed the only man of large enough mentality to visualize the future of Austria. And many of those of the

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

brilliant throng attending the magnificent funeral of the murdered heir-apparent when they murmured the prayer for the repose of his soul, breathed a sigh of relief as an Amen.

With the call of war the military clique have sprung into the saddle to ride rough-shod over the discontented but inert masses. On these does all the misery of war fall most heavily. Soon it will be rare that a family of the common people cannot show a crippled or mourn a dead member. One of the methods of duping the populace is to feed them on pre-digested news. No information from the outside world leaks into Austria except from German sources. And such news as fills the papers has but one trend, the uninterrupted success of the Austro-German arms. The Austrian buys his evening paper and swallows its contents as a sort of literary cocktail. It stimulates and cheers.

The Viennese press, that the people may not be discontented with their own short rations, "plays up" lurid and wholly false statements of hunger strikes in Russia. Russia going hungry with her enormous wheat yield shut up within her ports, with her egg supply glutting the home market; could any affirmation be more ludicrous. The note is varied by long and detailed accounts of the failure in execution of the vodka drinking prohibition. The Austrians are assured that the

AND THE DARDANELLES

Tsar's ukase has instead of stopping the consumption of vodka, increased it. And so it goes *ad libitum*. It need not be said that all the inspired articles that emanate from Wilhelmstrasse are enlarged upon and expanded here. A case in point was the virulent diatribes launched against the United States for selling ammunition to the Allies. No day passes without the American nation suffering some new execration on this count. The fact that Austria is to-day using machine guns consigned to the Mexican Government when war between the turbulent Republic and the United States was imminent, would seem to have no bearing on the case. That the *Iphigenia* of the Hamburg-American line actually delivered arms in Puerto, Mexico, is also deemed irrelevant. But when you inform the indignant Viennese that the gentleman having the largest ammunition contracts with England, France and Russia is a German-American named Shwab, his rage leaves him speechless.

The first practical intimation of war that strikes you upon arriving in Austria is the Bread Card. This is handed you when you reach your hotel. It entitles the holder to 210 grammes of what passes for bread here. It is checked into three divisions, each of which is good for 70 grammes, the allowance per person at each meal. And one of these divisions you must give up

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

wherever you may dine or sup. If you forget your bread card when you go out in the morning you must go without this "luxury." It is, *Nicht übertragbar! Sorgfältig aufbewahren!* and *Nachdruck verboten!*

The bread itself, which is a glutinous brown mass brought to you wrapped up in white paper like a pic-nic sandwich, is almost edible if cut in thin slices and toasted.

The first impression of Vienna is that it is normal. Crowds flock the narrow streets which hum with the bustle of city life. When you analyse the crowd you see the red scars of war. Past the towering Opera edifice shuffle a squad of cripples. Of the eight four have one or the other foot amputated. This is the toll of the cold in the Carpathians. One of the volunteer doctors is authority for the statement that frost-bite was so common among the troops in the mountain war zone that it was not unusual for him to have a hundred amputations a day. The other wounded carry their arms in slings, one has an empty sleeve. Is it odd that one becomes cynical of our vaunted civilization, or more accurately Austrian civilization, when after studying these piteous figures in their grey uniforms still stained with the grime of the trenches, we lift our glance from the thin yellow-brown faces and dull eyes to the bill on the door of the Opera

AND THE DARDANELLES

House to see that to-night there will be given a gala performance of "Electra." Electra! Austria beware your Robespierre!

As you walk the Ring, it is not one but some half-dozen women who pass, all in deepest mourning. In the park the children play, not as in other countries at war, as soldiers, but their customary games of peace. They even wear on the sailor caps of youth the letters "H.M.S. Inflexible," "H.M.S. London," "H.M.S. Renown." And there is no riot. Imagine what a scene of carnage would result if a child appeared in Green Park sporting a sailor's hatband stamped "Von Sedlitz?"

And the nurses sit knitting, not comforts for the men in the field, the soldiers who suffer to keep this shell of government intact, but fancy work in white linen and lace. Beyond the fountain bedded in hyacinths and tulips sits an officer and a young woman. A black silk sling supports his left arm, but his colour and appearance show that he has suffered only a minor wound. They seldom speak, this couple. He stares into the silver spray of the fountain, and she, with eyes that cannot hide the dumb misery of her heart, looks only at him. If one could read their thoughts!

Back in the street again a jangling motor lorry with two trailers loaded with ancient bath tubs,

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

boilers and bird cages, rushes past. Another follows filled with twisted candelabrum of ancient date, old kettles of copper and rusty railings. On a hoarding you read a yellow bill which explains this strange sight. It is metal collecting week. With the same spirit that the housewives of the Civil Wars melted down their pewter mugs into bullets so do the Viennese women of to-day ransack their homes for age-worn metal that may be made into modern cartridges. This is only an indication that a shortage of metal is expected. What the resources of the country are in this matter is difficult to estimate. Austria was not nearly so well organized as Germany, so it is certain that here the first pinch of exhaustion will be felt. And she must share such raw material of war as is found within her borders with her Teuton ally. So the leaders of the nations of the Entente must watch Austria closely for the first signs of economic exhaustion.

Down on Swartzenburg Place is a figure that suggests another picture of the effects of war. It is a huge effigy in wood of a mailed warrior. The figure stands some fifteen feet high, carved to resemble a knight in armour, *cap à pie* helmet, breastplate and sword. Being wood you wonder why it is called "Der Wehrmann im Eisen." Soon a youth climbs the steps leading to the plinth and drives a tack into the leg of the knight.

AND THE DARDANELLES

Now you see that the warrior is studded with such tacks. For the fun of driving in this tack the youth, or any one who so wishes, pays the sum of one krona, about ninepence. As the proceeds go to a fund for the widows and orphans of the soldiers killed in the war I used the hammer several times myself. So thick were the tack heads that I could hardly find a place to nail. Thus the wood was rapidly being coated in iron. The idea of "the Warrior in Iron" comes from an old custom of Vienna. A tree once stood at the gates of the city where all who left Vienna with the hope of bettering their fortune in the world beyond, drove a nail in the bark before setting out on their journey that it might bring luck on the enterprise. The trunk of the tree still exists, crusted in iron.

Among the personages I met in Vienna there are three of exceptional interest. First, the late Khedive ; second, Grand Duke Carlos Stephan ; and third, Baron Sir Rudolph Slatin Pacha.

The Khedive is urbane, fat and little perturbed by his misfortunes. Rumour says that he has lost all save his fortune. It might have been worse.

That the Grand Duke Carlos Stephan may be King of Poland is the hope of the nobility of Austria. He is a tall, thin gentleman with a

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

slight stoop. Grey-black hair covers a small head and hides his sunken cheeks. Although dressed in naval uniform he is far from appearing the typical sailor officer. He looks more like an elderly schoolmaster with a benevolent eye. As King of Poland he would well fill the part of a figure-head.

Sir Rudolph Slatin is well known in England. The romantic story of his adventures in the Sudan, where for years he was a prisoner of the Mahdi, has thrilled the old and the young. After his rescue he entered the English service and his administrative work in Egypt is highly appreciated in Government circles in London. In fact, he has been asked to resume his rank and post in the English service when the war is finished. When hostilities commenced, as a loyal Austrian he offered his sword to his native country. He had left the Austrian army as a lieutenant and proposed to enter again with that rank, or at the highest a captaincy, modest enough request for a man of Sir Rudolph's calibre and experience. But he was told his services were not needed. Such is the exclusiveness of the military clique.

It is difficult for a simple traveller in Austria at this time to arrive at a correct estimate of the industrial situation. There are rumours of Bread Strikes in Trieste, but I have learned in this war to put faint credence in local gossip. From what

AND THE DARDANELLES

I have myself seen the crops are flourishing. Not an acre of available soil but is cultivated. After crossing the country from border to border I am of the opinion that except for some extraordinary weather setback, Austria can count on a normal harvest. Coal, wood and oil is being carefully husbanded, the amount of fuel expended on account of civilian necessities is each day less. These economies largely increase the military reserve. Except in the matter of lubricating oil I judge the supply to be ample for present needs. Considerable supplies of lubricant have come from the Boicai fields in Rumania, but now this source is closed.

On the whole it cannot be said that beyond the curtailment of flour consumption there is as yet any indication that a serious shortage of aliment exists.

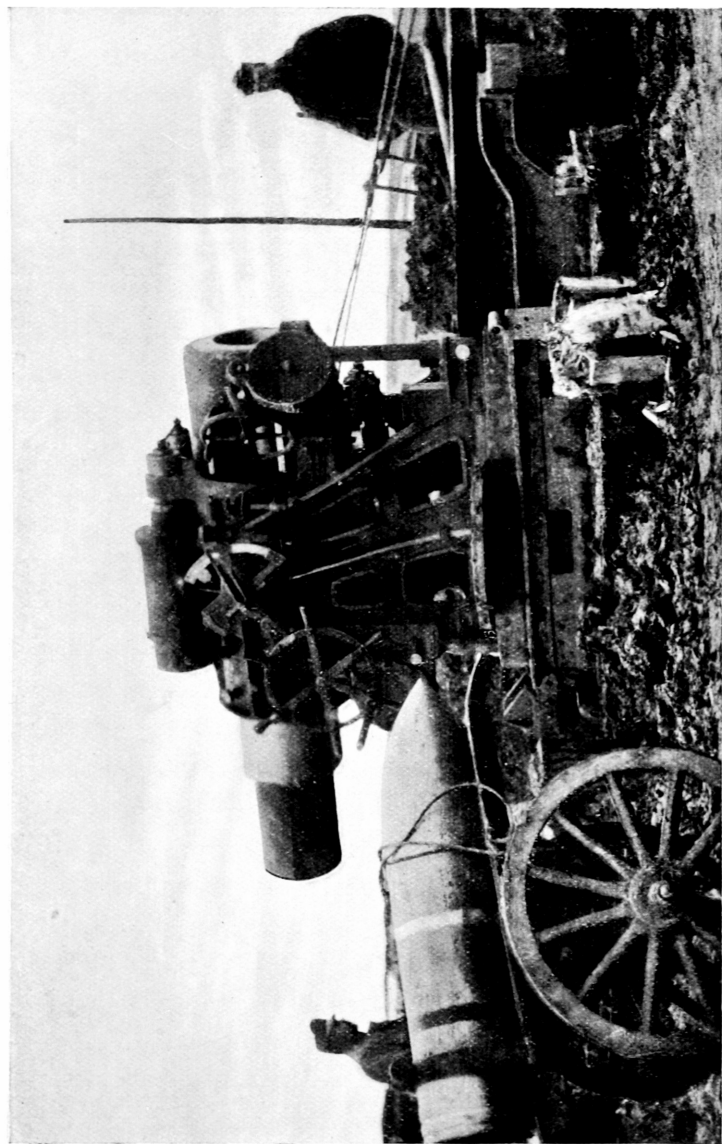
There is menace of greater moment impending in Austria. Wherever one goes one hears the pregnant word "dissolution." There are many who recall the prophecies of historians with deep misgivings. The Union of Hungary and Austria is not rooted in sentiments that make for eternal stability. Already the complaint of Hungary that the cross of this war is being borne by her is bitterly reiterated in Buda-Pest. The sister nation sees her people ground between the rush of the contending armies, her sons strewing

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

foreign battlefields, all in a cause that is not her own but Austria's. There is no unity of aim among the heterogeneous races that are joined to form the Austro-Hungarian Empire. No crystallizing sentiment for rallying the peoples of diverse communities exists. There is no common point of view, no common speech, no common future. How can such a nation hold together?

Let the situation be summarized in the words of a well-known politician—"Austria is like a man lost in the forest attacked by wolves. Italy covets Trieste and Trentino. Serbia struggles for Bosnia and Hertzegovina. Rumania dreams of biting off Transylvania and even more of our territory. Hungary threatens to desert us in our plight, but more terrible than this is the suspicion that our dominant ally would cut Pilsen, Prague, Brunn and Budweis from our side."

It cannot be imagined that Germany has taken up Austria's burden without thought of recompense. The north Teuton will fight the battles of his ally, but every German killed in Galicia is charged against the account of Austria, and in the final reckoning Franz Josef will pay the cost. One cannot stifle a sentiment of pity in studying the Austrian situation. They are a courteous, gentlemanly, sympathetic, considerate race, the Austrians, a little soft, perhaps, but infinitely preferable to their allies as neighbours



The 30.2 Austrian gun. One of the giant Austrian pieces that so ably aided the Germans at Bolimoff.

AND THE DARDANELLES

on this troubled planet. In Buda-Pest I got a closer view of the Austro-Hungarian war picture. I passed through the city when the mighty Mackensen phalanx was being assembled. Pest rattled with war flurry. The bustling activity that never ceases behind an army in the field filled every moment of the day and night. The city might be likened to the narrow neck of an hour-glass where the sands of war congested. All Austria, Hungary and Germany poured warriors and war material through this channel that it might spread beyond along the crests of the Carpathians. The wave of men that rolls against the Russians must never shrink or break if the Teuton allies are to be saved.

Wire entanglements of a peculiarly vicious construction stood in a broad band around the city. This told me that at one time the fear of the Russ was very real to these citizens. It was this fear, voiced in an anxious cry for aid, that brought the domineering Prussians who now crowd the narrow streets.

There still remains, you meet them in street and station, the rearguard of the refugees who fled before Russian menace. That haunted look which marks all who have been caught in the whirl of war has not forsaken them. They pull their vivid coloured kerchiefs close down over their eyes while wandering the streets. The

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

white, once clean embroidered dresses are sadly bedraggled. The stout shoes are worn. They are told, these peasants, that soon they may return to their homes in the foot hills. But what will remain of those homes crushed under the trampling march of two armies? The hopeless look in their eyes tells plainly what war means to them.

The new levies that now and then march the streets add another martial touch to the aspect of Buda-Pest. These are old men and boys, the class from fifteen years to fifty. The older men are a gnarled hard-grained lot, worn to gristle and bone with years of work in the fields. Nearly all are bowed in shoulder and many are bent of limb. It needs no expert eye to see that these men have been adzed into habits of life that the severest military training will not be able to eradicate. As for the younger element of the levies naturally they are filled with enthusiasm, but it is certain that they must pay the penalty of their immaturity. Judged from their clothes most of the new class are Hungarians, which would add colour to the complaint of the Magyars that they are furnishing the greater part of the forces now contending with the armies of the Tsar.

Seeing the German and Austrian soldiers side by side it is easy to compare them. The marked superiority of the former is noted on the most

AND THE DARDANELLES

superficial examination. When we go into details it is seen that the German is far ahead of his ally in almost every point of equipment, physique and the little indefinable qualities that identify the trained soldier. A German infantry soldier is erect under a heavier pack than the Austrian ; the latter stoops and squirms under a lighter burden. These veterans of Von Hindenburg are not young soldiers, they are for the most part men of the Landwehr, I judge, and force shows in every movement they make. It is a disciplined force that their very presence seems to exude. Putting it in psychological terms the impression one gets in studying the two types of soldiers is that the German is far stronger than the Austrian in will power. The confidence of the Germans is supreme. And they seem to impart this confidence to their comrades of the Dual Monarchy. With a mixture of Prussian the tactical value of the Austro-Hungarian army is increased a hundred per cent. Supported by the Germans it is certain they can hold, and perhaps drive back, an equal number of their opponents. The only question is how long can Germany keep on lending the flower of her eastern armies to the Austrians.

Apropos of the recent assaults on Ypres I heard in Buda-Pest a description of the method of using the asphyxiating gases. The gas is a highly powerful infusion of chlorine. It is generated in a

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

pecially equipped laboratory at a place which is kept a close secret. Reservoirs of chlorine—they look like the vessels that supply the gas for theatrical spot lights—are shipped direct to the trenches, where they are held in readiness until a favourable wind is blowing towards the English, French or Belgians. Then the attack is planned, at a given signal the steel carboys of death-dealing gases are uncorked and a greenish white vapour sweeps over the ground towards the contending army. When it is judged that enough of the asphyxiating gas has escaped, the tubes are corked while the infantry is formed for the charge behind the cloud of death. The artillery fires one salvo to add to the terror of the scene, then the foot soldiers are launched to the attack. It is curious to note that the Germans glory in this dastardly method of making war. It is with conscious pride that the details of operation are outlined. They look upon the employment of asphyxiating gases as another indication of German superiority, chortle at the terror it created among the French territorials, and laugh at the horrible death that has overtaken the gallant Canadians. Germany will stop at nothing in the hope of achieving her ends.

It is common gossip here that it is not Von Hindenburg but his chief of staff, General Ludendorff, who is the genius of the campaigns against

AND THE DARDANELLES

the Russians. No one doubts the strength of the General commanding, but it is said that the intricacies of handling the enormous numbers of troops that have been moved with such rapidity all over the war area in the east have been solved by Ludendorf who has an extraordinary grasp of transport technique. It is said when the Great General Staff recently detailed this officer to assist in reorganizing the German offensive in Flanders, Von Hindenburg flatly refused to allow him to go.

Here in Buda-Pest the cloud that hovers over all is a fear of the Russians. And there is no doubt that the Austrians have been able to instil this fear in some degree into their allies. A tremendous campaign is planned against both the Slav countries. Efforts of the most violent kind will be made to drive the Russians back behind the line of the Vistula at all points, while a vigorous campaign will then be launched against the Serbians. It is the determination of the Germans to cripple the forces of the Tsar so that they will not be a factor in the war any longer. They think that if once the Russ is driven beyond the Vistula he can be contained with a small force and that then enough Germans can be released from this border to reinforce the west front line, and give a superiority that nothing can withstand. In a word the second great plan of Germany completely reverses the first. Now the Russians must first

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS AND DARDANELLES

be crushed, and when that is accomplished the German armies will turn to smother France, Belgium and England.

An Austrian staff officer vauntingly told me all this. Since I left Austria the German arms have made good the first boast. Will they succeed with the second ?

THE BALKAN IMBROGLIO

CHAPTER X

THE BALKAN IMBROGLIO

THE Balkan States are the weight that can change the war balance which now hangs with such preponderance on the side of the Central European Confederacy. The decision of Bulgaria and Rumania to espouse the cause of the Quadruple Entente would at once nullify the stupendous Austro-German military successes in Poland.

Rumania is a constant military menace on the flank of Austria. More than this, from an economic point of view, it is of the utmost importance that the confederacy do not lose this essential fountain head of supplies. Thus this Latin nation bulks large as a potential factor in the world struggle.

Bulgaria stands like a sentinel at the door of Turkey. The weaker brother of the Germanic union is at the mercy of her ancient enemy. That Constantinople takes heed of this threatening presence is proved both by the conciliatory attitude of Turkey towards Bulgaria in conducting the Dedeagatch railroad *pourparlers* and by the

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

precautionary measures taken in strengthening the Chataldja defences.

Greece is of lesser consequence in the problem. If the Entente wins the support of either of the other neutral Balkan States the preposterous assumptions of the Hellenic politicians will continue to be disregarded.

In order to come to a clear understanding of the Balkan situation we must know that the individual States will be influenced solely by national aspirations in whatever stand they take. The Balkan peoples have lately tasted the realities of war on two occasions. Abstract considerations will not induce any of them to shoulder the burden of battle a third time. The politicians at the head of affairs in Rumania, Bulgaria and Greece deal only in concrete actualities. They are not men to be tempted by the *beaux yeux* of any of the fighting countries.

Let us study the question from the viewpoint of the Quadruple Entente. The purpose of this alliance is to win one or more of the neutral Balkan States to its side. This involves the adjustment of many conflicting and perhaps irreconcilable interests. We will examine these interests in turn.

RUMANIA

Rumania to-day is a nation peaceful, prosperous and content. Despite the fact that it is hemmed in on all sides by fighting armies, life proceeds in

AND THE DARDANELLES

fairly placid grooves. The work, and certainly the play, of the people has not as far as one can see met any insuperable dam. They have already adjusted themselves to the commercial inconveniences of their position, and have availed themselves of such business opportunities as the plight of their fighting neighbours offers. The commercial position of Rumania is analogous to that of the United States in this war with the advantage of free access to German markets. The result has been remarkable prosperity. This economic flood-tide is reflected in the appearance of Bukarest. It is a well-fed, well-dressed crowd that fills the Calle Victoria after the hours of work. Pretty women walk or drive down the narrow thoroughfare while the men stroll and admire, as has long been the custom. Here and there a red-coated hussar adds the needful picturesque touch to the scenes. But these warriors are hardly more warlike than the cast of the *Merry Widow*. There is much of the musical comedy in the atmosphere, a stratum of gaiety and lightness that is hardly the indication of a nation preparing for the trials of battle. During the spring months the Rumanians divided their time between the attractions of race meetings and battles of flowers, the latter being a pastime that appealed especially to the multitude. Conditions were directly traceable to national affluence.

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

I consider the economic welfare of Rumania the first factor in determining future national policy. In the long run it may be the decisive one.

Railway journeys have taken me across Rumania on three occasions at monthly intervals. On each occasion I was impressed by the number of freight cars bearing German or Austrian markings that crowded the sidings. I saw cars that had travelled from East Prussia, Hungary, Brandenburg and even Bavaria to be loaded here in Rumania. The fact was significant. The whole surplusage of the Rumanian grain crop was being shipped into the heart of Germany and Austria. Food-stuffs of all kinds were following the same route. Wood, coal and even petrol were exported in large quantities. Time and again I saw interminable trains loaded with fuel pass in the direction of the northern frontier. The destination of these loads was obvious. And this meant a return flow of German gold to the coffers of Rumania. It is not extraordinary then that this nation failed to follow the lead of Italy.

Whatever influence Italy had in the affairs of Rumania was discounted by the presence of 60,000 German and Austrian business men domiciled in the Balkan country, and the material wealth promised by the continued activities of these business men was a far more potent factor in shaping Rumania's course than the tradition

AND THE DARDANELLES

of Italian origin. This Teutonic mixture has more than a mere commercial impulsion. It has been a silent force working in the interests of Germany. I saw its effect during the winter and spring of the present year. In December the Rumanians were decidedly on the side of the Triple Entente. With the advance of the Russian armies into the Carpathians there were many who seriously considered that the moment had arrived for Rumania to throw in her lot with the Allies. The dream of adding Transylvania to her domain might be made a reality. This feeling continued and increased up till the month of May. Negotiations of a tentative nature were carried on between the Rumanian Foreign Office and the representatives of the Entente. But in these preliminary discussions the Balkan State asked not only Transylvania but Bukowina, a part of the province of Banat, and certain cities in Bessarabia, as the price of co-operation.

While these bargainings were going on, the situation changed. The Russians evacuated the Carpathians, and with the subsequent military reverses of the Tsar's troops, the Rumanian diplomats dropped the subject. But it was not alone the military phase that affected the negotiations, but the attitude of the Rumanian people. The German element has been at work among the population and by the simple reiteration of the

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

arguments supporting the Teutonic side of the appeal to arms and with a certain stress on the horrors of war, they contrived to check the enthusiasm for the Allies' cause and turn the thoughts of the people strongly to the other side of the question. "What will happen to me if we go to war?" became the uppermost idea in the mind of the individual Rumanian. And this question interprets the position of Rumania to-day.

In the first week of July coincident with the Austro-German military successes in Galicia the Austrian Minister in Bukarest, Count Czernin, presented a note from his country to the Rumanian Government containing two sets of proposals contingent upon first the friendly neutrality of the Balkan nation and second upon early military aid. In passing it may be well to state the "friendly neutrality" as interpreted by the Austrians means the right to ship munitions through Rumanian territory to Turkey.

In case Rumania maintained this type of neutrality she would be given the Bukowina with the River Seret as her northern boundary. This was the main proposal, although other concessions were promised the Rumanian inhabitants of the Dual Monarchy, such as various public appointments and the foundation of a university at Kronstadt.

If Rumania put her five army corps and two cavalry divisions at the disposal of the Austrians,

AND THE DARDANELLES

she would receive the whole Rumanian portion of the Bukowina to the River Pruth, and territory on the north bank of the Danube as far as the Iron Gates. If through the aid of the Rumanian army Bessarabia were conquered, that province would be immediately transferred to the Balkan nation as a permanent possession.

Nothing was said about Transylvania. The main difference between these proposals and the tentative Russian one was the substitution of Bessarabia for the Austrian province. Germany guaranteed the fulfilment of the conditions.

The real value of Rumanian friendship lay in the free passage of war shipments to Turkey. Germany has had to resort to all sorts of schemes in order to forward supplies to her ally. When the suspiciously heavy "bags" of the German diplomatic courier travelling between Berlin and Constantinople were X-rayed they were found to contain bombs. A consignment of Munich beer, for which ice was carefully ordered at different stops, proved to be barrels of powder, shot and shell. But the most ingenious scheme was a travelling circus, a whole train bound direct for Constantinople with clowns, horses, hoops and great boxes of paraphernalia which turned out to be a clever disguise for German artillery officers (the clowns) and a consignment of ordnance. What the Germans have succeeded in passing

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

through Rumania undetected will never be known, but it is obvious that the right of passage is vital.

The destiny of Rumania lies in the hands of Premier Bratiano. He is the leader of the Liberal party and in the Chamber of Deputies controls roughly 200 out of 250 votes. He is practically a Dictator. I must digress a moment to explain the popular position of Rumania politically. On paper it is a constitutional monarchy. The King, who is related to the Hohenzollerns, has little real power over the people. Theoretically the government of the people lies in their own hands. Actually it is held by a few of the richer Rumanians who have turned their talents to politics as other men turn their activities to sport. Of these the most important are the Premier, M. Bratiano, the leader of the Liberal Party, M. Take Jonescu and M. Filipescu, leaders of what amounts to the Opposition in the Chamber, and M. Marghiloman who claims to be the head of the Conservative party and is strongly pro-German. Ostensibly these leaders derive their position from the people, that is, the peasant class. But in fact the peasant of Rumania to-day is little better off than the men of the same class in the eighteenth century in France. In consequence the rights of suffrage are purely imaginary and the politicians maintain themselves in power by practices more in vogue in South America than in Europe. The

AND THE DARDANELLES

party in power has all the machinery of government at its command. What this means in the matter of political favours does not have to be emphasized. Under these circumstances when one strong man, and even his enemies admit the strength of M. Bratiano, controls the functions of government he is in effect a Dictator.

The Rumanian Premier sees Europe through Balkan glasses. The decision he arrives at will be affected solely by what he thinks will be best for his country. At present he holds firmly to the course of neutrality.

M. Take Ionescu, who has received much advertising throughout Europe, is the earnest advocate of the cause of the Quadruple Entente. But his colleague, M. Filipescu, is a man of greater ability and seems to have a clearer grasp of the situation. Both these leaders lay themselves open to the charge of "playing politics" with the great issue. M. Marghiloman, the ardent pro-German among the Rumanian politicians, is what would be called in other countries a "reactionary." There are grave stories of how he interests himself in forwarding Teutonic propaganda. It is asserted that through his activities seven Rumanian newspapers have been bought over to the Teutonic banner.

But the policy of Rumania will not be shaped by either M. Ionescu, M. Filipescu or M. Marghiloman.

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

It will be controlled by circumstances as they arise, and this means that the military development will have a large bearing on any conclusion.

In this connexion let us examine into the state of Rumania's military preparedness.

The army has had a year in which to make ready for action. So it can be taken for granted that the material at hand is as efficient as it ever will be. Rumania can put about 250,000 troops into the field.

In physique the men compare favourably with any other conscript army. Especially are the men recruited from the highlands of a sturdy type well fitted to be turned into soldiers. The fatigues and privations of campaigning will be of little inconvenience to these. And the lowland farmer is not far behind his brother of the mountains in bone and muscle. Small they are, but sinewy and strong. As war has been the occupation of the Balkan States quite recently, it is certain that the Rumanian army has had its share of manœuvres, albeit that its neighbours disparage the part Rumania played in the Second Balkan War. That it knows the essentials of security and information is certain. That it can march is also sure. How it will shoot is problematical, as is its fighting value.

There are two large camps where daily and, what is more important, nightly companies, regi-

AND THE DARDANELLES

ments and divisions are practised in the passages of war. So far as one can judge all that can be done in the way of training goes forward smoothly. In the matter of equipment I should class the Rumanian soldier as second rate. In justice it must be stated that the Government has tried to obtain more and better material, but with the world at war the market is practically closed to her.

The main weakness in equipment is footwear. Instead of boots of a suitable quality many of the regiments wear cowhide sandals. These are the local footgear of the peasant. From experience I cannot say how they will stand rough marching, especially the strain of mountain work, but these sandals are certainly inferior to well-made boots.

More serious than the footwear is the carbine furnished the mounted troops. As cavalry would fill the rôle of mounted infantry in any campaign in this section, a suitable arm is most important. The present arm is too short of barrel, which decreases range and increases trajectory. It would be far outranged by either the German or Austrian gun. The rifle of the infantry is better. Uniforms and minor articles of equipment are of moderate quality. Ammunition pouches are too few for present conditions.

The ability of the officers from the lowest to the highest is an unknown quantity. On this count

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

I would venture no opinion. As seen in Bukarest they do not impress one as professional soldiers. Of the worth of the higher officers not even a guess can be made.

The artillery branch has come into such prominence since the beginning of this war that any inferiority here puts the best infantry at a disadvantage. Also it is now believed that heavy field artillery is an absolute necessity. In this arm the Rumanian troops are handicapped. The light artillery is supposed to be good. The various supply departments are well organized and hold ample reserves except ordnance.

The decisive factor in war is ammunition. Unless a fighting force has more and better ammunition than the enemy it will in the end be defeated, all else being approximately equal.

Rumania has on hand about enough ammunition to supply her army in the field for three months. Unless provision can be made for a new supply this fact will keep the nation neutral indefinitely.

After many conversations with politicians, journalists, bankers and merchants from Predeal to Rouschouk I have come to the conclusion that these see little gain for Rumania along the paths of war. They count the cost and weigh present prosperity against possible future territorial expansion. Almost without exception the decision

AND THE DARDANELLES

is on the side of continued peace. But the fear of the Rumanians is that circumstances over which they have no control may sweep them into the world of fighting with no consideration of their personal interests. As a protection against such a contingency the Prime Minister, who is the leader of the "solid" citizens of Rumania, seeks to stand well with all belligerents. It is a tribute to his diplomacy that he has thus far done so.

BULGARIA

Any decision taken by Rumania would immediately affect her neighbour of the south. Bulgaria, some say, is the key of the Balkan situation. This from a glance at the map would seem to be the case. But since the disastrous second Balkan war and the circumstances which led up to it Bulgaria has played a minor rôle in this corner of Europe. Now because of her geographic position in regard to the belligerent nations the opportunity may arrive which will allow her to once more take the leading part in Balkan affairs. This is the Bulgar's ambition.

The national character gives the key of Bulgarian action. They are a level-headed, intensely practical people. They contrast sharply with the Rumanians. In fact they are like no other of the Balkan peoples although in appear-

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

ance they resemble the Serbians. The Bulgarians are a sober, hard-working race, holding to one purpose with unswerving determination. Their perseverance and doggedness are proverbial.

Tillers of the soil, the character of the people is reflected in the remarkably thriving appearance of the country. Every available inch of ground is cultivated. Maize is the chief crop. In the spring the valley of the Danube is a waving sea of green cornstalks. When one sees the agricultural promise of Bulgaria, it is not difficult to understand how the nation has recovered so quickly from the results of two hard wars.

In Sofia one gets a concrete idea of national industry. New streets are being laid, new buildings are being built, and the city shows all the signs of healthy business activity. As an example of efficiency the market is an indication of Bulgarian progressiveness.

National characteristics must be kept constantly in mind if one attempts to foretell the action of a people. So in studying the probable decision of this nation in European politics let us not forget the Bulgar's singleness of purpose.

To regain the territory lost by the Treaty of Bukarest is at present the end and aim of all Bulgarian diplomacy. The nation has suffered severely for the sin of the Second Balkan War. In the European crisis of to-day Bulgaria sees



The Bulgarian soldier stands ready to fight for his country's freedom.

AND THE DARDANELLES

her chance to regain some of the land that was hers by right of conquest in 1912.

Let us consider the territorial hopes of Bulgaria.

In the first place Tsar Ferdinand wants the land filched from him by Rumania. He no longer visits his palace at Varna because his sight is saddened by the view of the land that was once Bulgaria's now under another flag. This is a wedge-shaped section of territory extending from Turtukai on the Danube to Ekrene on the Black Sea and including the important city of Silistria. It is a beautiful valley with about 300,000 inhabitants. Bulgaria's claim to this territory is perfectly valid. There is no need to reopen the discussions of the Bukarest treaty. It is obvious to all impartial students of history that Rumania acquired this section wholly through *force majeure*. Granting that Rumania can be won over to the Entente side and received other compensation, this territory will surely be restored.

The adjustment of the Bulgarian claim against Turkey, the Enos-Midia line would follow automatically if the Slav nation should repeat her victories of 1912. That the Moslems wish to placate their erstwhile enemy is apparent from their readiness to concede the line of the Maritza river including the Dedeagatch railroad to Bulgaria in exchange for continued neutrality. This is a question that will solve itself.

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

When we turn to the Bulgarian requisition on Greece the matter becomes complex. The intricacies of this subject can be more intelligently discussed when we take up the Grecian side of the problem. For the moment it is sufficient to state that Bulgaria would probably be content if the country east of the Struma river now claimed by Greece was conceded to her. There are some Bulgarian politicians who make more extravagant claims, but as the territory they ask for is predominantly Grecian it is absurd to expect the Athenian Government to give it up. The section claimed by Bulgaria includes the important city of Kavala. If Bulgaria received this concession it would have what it so much desires, an uninterrupted outlet to the sea. The main difficulties to the adjustment of this claim is the opposition of Athenian politicians and an adequate compensation to be allotted the Hellenic kingdom for its loss.

In passing to the Bulgarian demand against Serbia we come to a mass of irreconcilable differences. It is the Central Macedonian question over again. The claims of the rival states to the triangle that joins the corners of Bulgaria, Serbia and Greece was the basis of the Balkan allies' quarrel. It is unnecessary to repeat that the rivalries of 1913 are still existent. Although Bulgaria was beaten down and deprived of the

AND THE DARDANELLES

just fruits of her earlier victories, she has never been without hope of destroying the Bukarest compact. It must be remembered that ever since her emancipation by Russia in 1877 it has been the ambition of Bulgaria to be the dominant nation of the Balkans. At the end of the First Balkan War, when Turkey was the common enemy, the Bulgarian army had pushed as far west as the Varda river with the object of freeing Bulgarian subjects under Ottoman rule. But they were not only Bulgars but Greeks and Serbians who occupied Central Macedonia. The whole difficulty is due to the hotch-potch of races domiciled there. The question is ethnological, linguistic and religious, and because of its complexity it is not humanly possible to solve it according to the claims of the rival countries. For the most part the Greeks occupy the towns while Bulgar, Serb and Turk are hopelessly mixed in the rural districts. Only some arbitrary ruling of a superior power will bring order out of chaos in this district.

It can be said with reason that the borderland between Bulgaria and Serbia is in a constant state of eruption. The Serbian *comitadjis* raid the lands of Bulgarian farmers, while time and again in retaliation Bulgarian expeditions cut across the frontier and back leaving the path of havoc behind them. In stating Bulgaria's stand on the Serbian question I can do no better

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

than quote M. Radoslavoff, the Prime Minister—

“ If victory finally belongs to the Triple Entente, and if Serbia realizes what are her own interests, she should be thoroughly convinced henceforth that we are in no way hostile to her definite access to the Adriatic ports, but that on the contrary, we are entirely disposed to favour to the full her action in this direction, provided that we receive in that connexion compensation afterwards in the shape of a favourable treaty of commerce and a substantial customs entente, the prelude perhaps to other more comprehensive ententes which would permit Bulgarians to export their products through Adriatic ports while Serbia would be able to pass part of her products through Bulgarian ports to the Ægean Sea.” Continuing, M. Radoslavoff made the significant declaration—
“ We know that we shall not always remain neutral. We cannot yet say with whom we shall side, but we know more or less in what direction our energies will be directed ; we shall fight wholly in accordance with our national interests ; we wish to tear up the odious treaty of Bukarest which we signed with the knife at our throats, constrained and forced and not in the plenitude of our judgment. The Triple Entente, which loudly declares that it is fighting for right against might, can obtain our assistance if it secures from Serbia the restitution to us of that part of Mace-

AND THE DARDANELLES

donia which is our land and our property, which is the flesh of our flesh, and the blood of our blood, and thus close the open wound in our side."

I have given a brief outline of the compensations which Bulgaria asks if her sword is to be drawn in favour of the Quadruple Entente. But the Sofian Government goes further than asking that the territory she claims be guaranteed her by treaty before Bulgaria will move. The land which she bargains for must be occupied by her own forces or by regiments of the allied nations as a guarantee that the territory will be delivered to Bulgaria when that nation has accomplished the military task assigned her. In all its bargaining the Government appears perfectly frank. Despite this, there is more than a suspicion that Austria has a considerable influence in Bulgarian affairs. This suspicion has its foundation in the German-Austrian loan made to Bulgaria and in the attitude of the Sofian Government in regard to the passage of munitions to Constantinople. The great number of German officers constantly in Sofia indicates that city as the connecting station between Vienna and Constantinople. My own experience—for I spent some time in the *Grand Hotel Bulgarie*, which is the centre of German activity—convinces me that there was a working understanding by which the Germans keep a continuous supply of ammunition moving towards Turkey.

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

Austrian aeroplanes are in constant flight to and from Constantinople. Time and again these machines have been compelled to land on Bulgarian soil for petrol or to make minor repairs. The Bulgarian authorities would sometimes make great parade of interning the Austrian flyers and confiscating their machines, but I have the best authority for believing that many of the airmen compelled to alight in Bulgaria were allowed to re-supply, re-fit and continue their flight unhindered.

The Bulgarian Army in organization and morale is in my opinion the best in the Balkan States. The study of their achievements during the First Balkan War will convince any impartial critic that it was a well-trained force guided by professional soldiers of no mean ability. The defeats that it suffered in the Second Balkan War are traceable to causes that do not disprove the right of the Bulgarian Army to the position I give it. Here again, however, we have the vital question of munitions. Unless Bulgaria has an ally who will furnish it with an unlimited amount of ammunition the tactical value of this splendidly organized army is almost nil.

At the same time it must be remembered that, granting Bulgaria be willing to place herself in the ranks of the Quadruple Entente, every day's delay makes the task before her more difficult.



Bulgarian cavalry in Sofia.

AND THE DARDANELLES

Turkey from Adrianople back as far as Chataldja is rapidly being laid out in series of supporting defensive positions. I have seen German engineer officers in Turkish uniform with transit and sketch board selecting the ground that offered the best military advantages for defence. Trenches are dug and gun emplacements constructed. Delay has already seriously hurt the Entente cause in Bulgaria. If the Quadruple powers procrastinate longer they may lose their vital opportunity.

SERBIA

In passing to the position of Serbia it is not necessary to emphasize the sacrifices made by this Slav nation. The world knows how heroically it has maintained itself against a ruthless invader and how it has withstood the ravages of disease. The Austrian and Hungarian myriads have been harried from Serbian soil, and as the military enemy has been conquered so have the Serbians triumphed over the inroads of typhus. These are splendid achievements and stand ever as a record of the heroic qualities of the Serbs. Having this picture in mind it is with some diffidence that I take up a discussion of the attitude of Serbia in the Balkan Imbrolio.

It is the intransigent assertion of her claim to Central Macedonia that blocks the path of the diplomacy of the Quadruple Entente. This claim,

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

like the whole Balkan question, has its origin in the disagreements that followed the war with Turkey. In direct violation of the Treaty of Partition to which Tsar Ferdinand and King Peter most solemnly affixed their signatures, Serbia occupied with military forces a large section of Macedonia. This territory she still holds. Despite all pressure from outside governments Serbia refuses to consider for a moment the restitution of this occupied country. In its determination the Government is strongly backed by the people. It is in the denial of Bulgarian ambitions that the immemorial hatred for their Slav brethren finds expression in Serbia.

Here, as in other countries, self-interest dictates public policy. Because of this political axiom it is difficult for either of the belligerent leagues to attempt to force Serbia's hand. There are extremists among the politicians who would rather, in spite of the bitter hatred that has led to the present war, that Serbia make a separate peace with Austria than part with an inch of Macedonian territory. Maintaining this attitude King Peter's people appeal to sentiment. They lay great stress on their sufferings for the Entente cause. In all these discussions Serbia is pictured as a torn and bleeding nation.

Such is far from being the present case. Outside of the narrow fighting zone the country is

AND THE DARDANELLES

flourishing. Every acre behind the firing line in old Serbia shows promise of an abundant harvest of maize or wheat. I saw the beginning of this harvest when the men that could be spared from military service were sent back to ply their flails. The women had done the greater part of the planting and cultivating and they still continue to perform the larger share of farm work.

Not only was the economic situation satisfactory but sanitary conditions were daily showing improvement. At the time of which I write, the summer of 1915, typhus which had been a terrible scourge was rapidly dying out. This in spite of the difficulty of instilling the simplest hygienic principles in the minds of the peasants. In this connexion I may add that the English, American, French and Italian doctors and nurses who so gallantly helped to shoulder the disease burden of Serbia often found their efforts checked by the indifference of certain officials to the necessity of the strictest medical supervision. It is to be hoped that this indifference will not result in another pestilence.

The Serbians are invariably referred to as an idealistic people. The fault may be mine, but I fail to discover any such tendency. Certainly they do not judge the great issue which now confronts Europe from any idealistic point of view. As is the case in Rumania and Bulgaria, they see

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

in the present crisis the possible opportunity for self-aggrandizement.

This attitude was reflected in the complexity of the military situation. At the time the Quadruple Entente was conducting its negotiations with Bulgaria General Putnik, commanding the Serbian forces, refused to take the offensive against Austria, in spite of the earnest remonstrances of Premier Pachitch. This was the period when the Germans and Austrians began their extraordinary campaign against the Russians in Galicia.

The Entente strategy suggested an attack by Serbia as a blow that might possibly aid the sorely beset Russian forces. To all arguments of this nature General Putnik answered with a statement that—

First : No enemy remained in Serbia.

Second : While the Bulgarian-Entente *pour-parlers* continued, it were better that Serbia await events rather than waste men and material in attempting to cross the Danube and invade Austrian territory.

Third : His troops both needed a rest from warfare and had to be employed in harvesting the crops.

Fourth : There was no need for further effort on the part of Serbia as her reward, Bosnia and Hertzegovina, had been agreed upon.

This, however, did not prevent General Putnik



The little town of Nish is crowded with the Court, the Army headquarters, and the cripples.

AND THE DARDANELLES

sending an expedition across Albania. The Serbian dream of an outlet to the Adriatic is becoming a reality. I have seen Austrian prisoners of war at work on the railroad which is to find its terminus at the Adriatic Sea. General Putnik was conscious that the Serbian people as a whole backed him in his policy. It is said, this however I was not able to verify from personal investigation, that he strengthened his position with the people by sending troops from the Danube zone to Serbian Macedonia in order to oppose the occupation of this section by the troops of any other nation. The Serbian commander also pointed to the fate of Bulgaria after the Turkish War as a reason for conserving his military strength. If her resources were exhausted in an attack on Austria, Serbia might in turn be rent by Rumania, Bulgaria and Greece, individually or in combination. This last contention was a potent one. Only by giving Serbia a section of Albania with an Adriatic port, or through *force majeure*, can the Nish Government be brought to change its contentions in the Balkan question. I fear that the latter alternative alone will compel the restitution of even a part of Macedonia to Bulgaria. Serbia is the most dangerous reef on the Balkan chart.

GREECE

Greece boasts one of the most astute politicians of Europe. M. Venizelos has proved by his

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

achievements in the past that he is a brilliant statesman as well as a man of high standards in politics. We know that he made every effort to prevent the Second Balkan War. He was willing to give to Bulgaria the contested territory between the Struma and Mesta rivers, although by this he would gravely injure his popularity. His past achievements give the key to his future acts. Before the European situation had been complexed by the entry of Italy into the war-field M. Venizelos was in favour of still restoring this disputed territory to Bulgaria in exchange for certain other concessions. Before he was compelled to dissolve his Cabinet and make his successful appeal to the Hellenic voters he had practically espoused the cause of the Quadruple Entente. During the period of the Grecian elections the European outlook altered, also an insidious German propaganda had been active among all classes in Greece. The great issue became a political shibboleth. The question of conceding Grecian territory met with popular disfavour.

M. Gounaris, the bitter antagonist of M. Venizelos was quick to seize the popular side of the controversy. Seeing that by his policy of concession M. Venizelos would lose the support of the Greek people, his party adopted a platform built on the understanding that Greece would concede no territory to Bulgaria or any other

AND THE DARDANELLES

power. This policy was widely published by the Venizelos Press, and without doubt contributed largely to the re-election of their candidate. From this summary it can be seen that M. Venizelos, when he returns to power, will be in a delicate position. His record, however, assures the world that he will take a stand in conformity with the high principles that have always actuated him.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the fantastic rumours current at the time the English Fleet first attempted to force the Dardanelles. If the military co-operation of Greece was expected, surely the British Fleet would have postponed its attempt until a competent military force was in a position to take part in the assault.

The influence of the Court in Grecian affairs is an unknown quantity. The Kaiser's sister as Queen of Greece complicates an exceedingly mixed political situation. She is a strong personality, and may be relied upon to forward her brother's cause by any methods. On the whole, Greece is of minor importance in the Balkan dispute. If some of the other problems could be first solved, the Grecian knot would of itself become untangled.

The barrier that prevents any solution of the Balkan Imbroglia is the intolerant assertion by each state of its own claims with an absolute

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS AND DARDANELLES

disregard of the rights of others. It would take a diplomatic genius to reconcile the differences of the four nations. From the point of view of the Quadruple Entente, if it is found that no basis of agreement can be framed to suit all the countries involved, a separate pact might be made with two. If Bulgaria and Rumania could be won to the Allies' cause it would be a far step toward regulating the entire situation. The intervention of these two countries would immobilize Turkey and rapidly end the Dardanelles fighting. More than this, it would give a new base of attack against Austria-Hungary. Turkey and Austria-Hungary are the weaker nations of the Central Europe Confederacy. If the Quadruple Entente is to triumph it seems reasonable, in view of the present situation, that its greatest efforts should be lodged with vigour against those two countries. This path leads to success.

CONSTANTINOPLE

CHAPTER XI

CONSTANTINOPLE

A CRESCENT moon shines on a sleeping city. Down a hill of looming shadows—deep purple and dark blue—Constantinople stumbles to a lake of silver. Out of these glittering waters, like a castellated island, rises Stamboul. The grey dome of the Great Mosque, a bowl upturned, bulks large against the sky. Beside it, slender as needles, stand two mystic minarets. Here and there the moonbeams search out an answering reflection among the shadows, while above the waters of the Golden Horn a hundred fireflies are dancing—the nightlights of the ships at anchor. High among these is a red star, the signal light of the *Breslau*.

Hushed are the voices of the hawkers and the daytime hubbub of the city. All is quiet.

Suddenly out of the night comes a voice. It is pitched in notes of shrill falsetto that waver through the air in halting, uncertain cadences. The High Priest calls the faithful to prayer. The call ceases. Once more the quiet of night holds

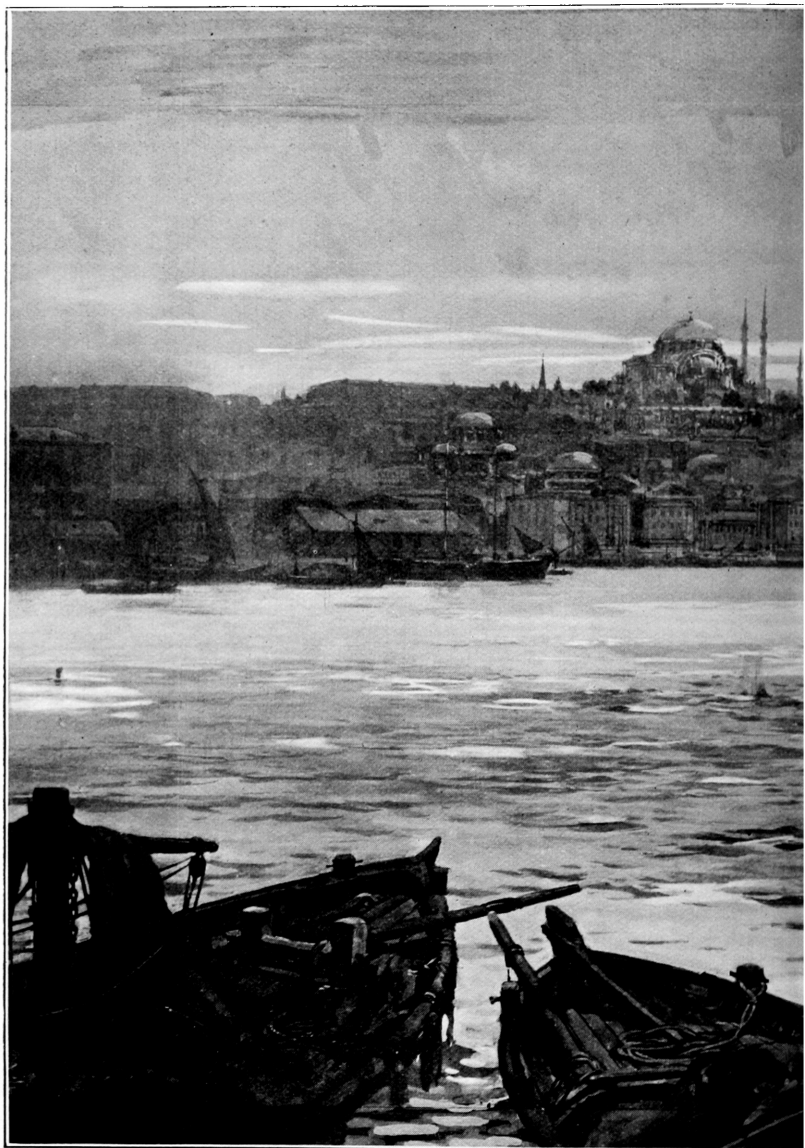
RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

the scene. Now up near the crescent moon, that symbol of Turkey, a mighty cloud is forming. It looms athwart the sky of lapis lazuli in a curious fantastic shape that somehow suggests a gigantic genie—the threatening, evil genie that came out of the bottle in the *Arabian Nights* tale. Soon this shadow spreads across the heavens to shut out the silver moonlight, leaving Constantinople in darkness.

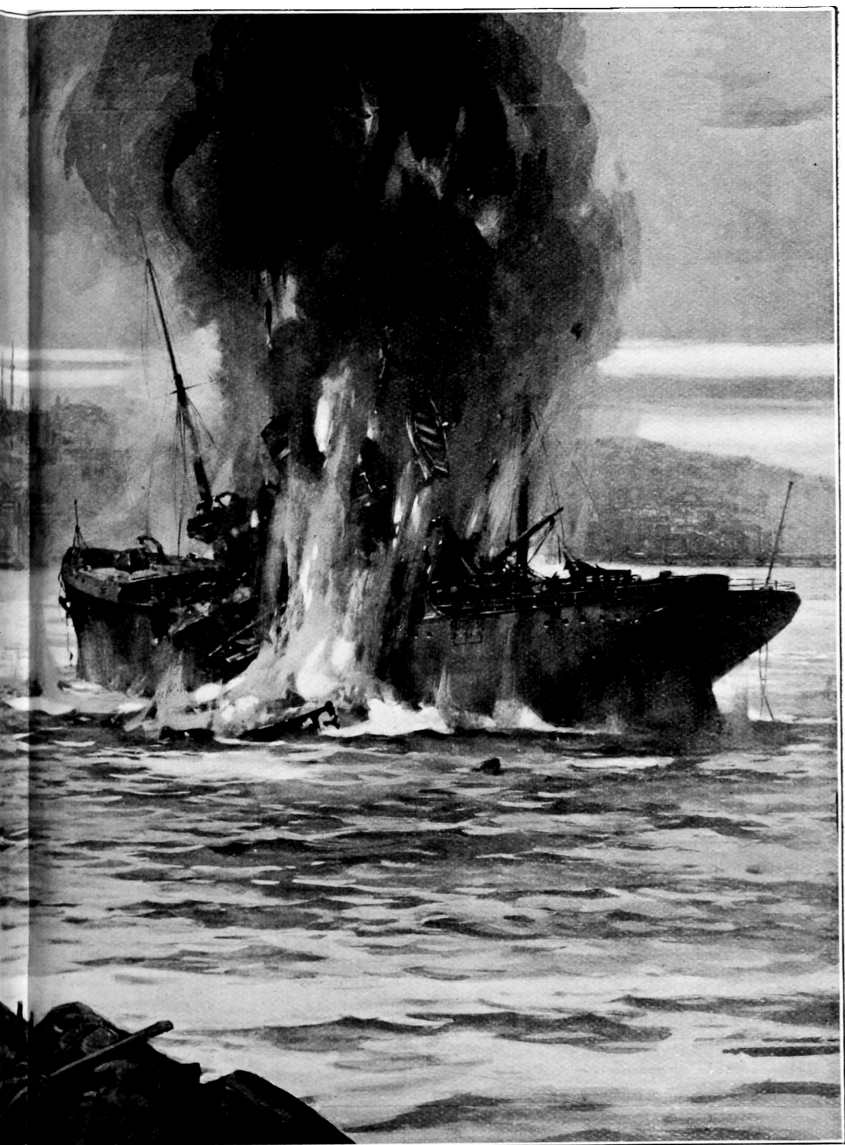
The danger which threatens Turkey is as little regarded in this city as that cloud hanging in the sky. The panic which was so loudly heralded in the Continental Press was unquestionably the invention of some imaginative Greek.

From Athens we get the interesting information that the subjects of the Sultan have risen *en masse*—they crowd the streets of Constantinople, wrecking and rioting, the *Pera Palace Hotel* has been demolished. This latter news came to me with my morning coffee in the said hotel, and I scolded the waiter for not having waked me in order to witness the demolition.

Seriously, the city takes little count of what is happening on the Gallipoli Peninsula. I am told there was a flurry in the beginning, but now the Government has contrived to inspire the population with complete confidence. That this confidence is general is testified fully. Even the visit of the E R R and the blowing up of the *Stamboul*



British submarines in the Sea of M



Darmora. The sinking of the "Stamboul."

AND THE DARDANELLES

while she lay anchored off the Arsenal Dock failed to shake it.

Captain Morton, of the U.S.S. *Scorpion*, was an eye-witness of the blowing up of the *Stamboul*. At dawn the quartermaster on duty reported the periscope moving swiftly against the current in the direction of the Golden Horn. Captain Morton was called, and hardly had he got on deck before he saw the periscope revolve and then the smooth of two torpedoes making surface runs. One of these struck the *Stamboul* amidships as she lay near the Arsenal Dock. The transport was empty at the time. The second torpedo passed some thirty yards astern of the *Scorpion* and sank without exploding.

The shore batteries at once opened fire on the periscope. This put the shipping in the harbour in danger, but in no way inconvenienced the submarine. The periscope was last seen going swiftly in the direction of the Bosphorus.

What is confidence among the people finds expression in the insolence of the officers of the Turkish army.

An example of this came under my personal observation. The position of the Italian Ambassador after Italy had proclaimed war against Austria was, to say the least, delicate in Constantinople. His despatches to and from Rome were interminably delayed. In this dilemma he

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

called upon the American Ambassador, Mr. Morgenthau. It was after a conference with his colleague that the following incident occurred.

The Italian Ambassador had left the American Embassy. At the moment a Turkish regiment was passing down the street. The Ambassador started to cross the street in the interval of two passing battalions. As he hurried across a Turkish adjutant put spurs to his horse, charged broadside on the Ambassador, and struck him over the back with the flat of his sword. When informed of the rank and position of his victim, the Turkish officer is reported to have replied that this made no difference to him, for he would treat all foreigners in the same way. The incident was closed by the Turkish Government offering the Italian Ambassador an elaborate apology. Of course, this is a logical development of German training, and, as a consequence, the Turk is becoming more "unspeakable" than ever. An indication that the authorities are taking advantage of the present situation to eliminate the European and his "infidel" influence is the order abolishing all signs printed in Latin letters. Every shopkeeper is to-day busy painting out his trade announcements in English and French, and substituting scrawling Turkish phrases.

An exception has been made in favour of American shops, which testifies to the personal

AND THE DARDANELLES

popularity of the American Ambassador. By the way, it was through the direct intervention of this gentleman that the hostages, twenty-five French and twenty-five British subjects, were brought back from the danger zone in Gallipoli. Mr. Morgenthau holds a unique position in Constantinople. He is a gentleman of eminent practical common sense and it is this quality which has made it possible for him to act as a sort of balance-wheel over all the complicated political and diplomatic machinery working in the Sultan's capital. The American Ambassador enjoys the confidence of the Turks, and it is sometimes hinted that he has a greater personal influence with Enver Pasha than the German Ambassador.

The coming and going of the *Goeben* is the theme of many speculations in Constantinople. One of the important duties of this warship is the convoying of coal boats. There is, it seems, a lack of fuel. When this was first noticed several daring steamer captains attempted to make the run to a point about a hundred miles up the Black Sea, take on a load of coal and return. When four of these steamers were sunk by Russian cruisers in one day, the expeditions were discontinued.

Now, however, the *Goeben* has acted as a protecting ship in a recent coal-procuring raid which was to a certain extent successful. One of the

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

coal boats has come into harbour with a shell hole through the deckhouse, and the *Goeben* is lying up in Stynia undergoing repairs, but the coal is here.

The battle cruiser is not seriously damaged. She is not as fast as she was when first arriving in these waters, as the havoc wrought by a Russian torpedo in her machinery has never been entirely repaired. But the *Goeben* is still good for sixteen knots and perhaps more.

Recently the remnants of the crew of the *Emden* passed through Constantinople, where they were welcomed as heroes. It must be said that none of them seen in the cafés and on the streets looked the worse for their many adventures.

When the U 56, which is the submarine which sank the *Triumph* and the *Majestic*, arrived in the Golden Horn, every one was forbidden to approach within a half-mile of the quays, and one European who watched the arrival with a glass from his window far up on the side of Pera was threatened with arrest.

It is incidents of this sort that lend zest to the otherwise monotonous life of this capital. But the discussing of such events is strictly forbidden, and as every other person is a spy of sorts, care must be exercised in talking over the news of the day. Even in the club one must beware of the over-solicitous waiter who hovers about the little group of Europeans sipping whisky and soda.

AND THE DARDANELLES

The most conspicuous object in Constantinople is the Turkish soldier. He is everywhere. You meet him from the boundary right into the limits of the city, awkward, serious, and wearing his ill-fitting khâki with an air of discomfort. But with it all he is impressive. I have stood and watched them drilling time and again, these tyro soldiers, and never have I seen anything but a startling earnestness, a tongue-in-the-corner-of-the-mouth effort to execute each evolution properly. Men who go about their work in this method will take a lot of beating.

Of course, at present the majority belong to the great brotherhood of the awkward squad, but you can see them evolve into better soldier-men with only a half-hour's watching. Mustapha, Abdallah, and Hassan are scolded, and perhaps sworn at, if it is possible to swear in Turkish, by the drill sergeants, in the conventional way, and in the end they are turned out sturdy-looking, upstanding soldiers.

What impressed me most since I have been here is the Moslem capacity for prayer. Going down the Marmora on a transport with a small Turkish guard, I was treated to the novel sight of these men, three or four times a day, taking off their shoes, and then kneeling, and going through the complicated devotional evolutions required by the Koran. Not only the men but the officers

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

prayed. In contemplating the psychology of the performance in its military bearing, by some curious association it recalls the spirit of the Ironsides. Was it not with prayer that the soldiers of Cromwell opened every battle? Thus it is more and more borne in upon me that the Turk is a foeman worthy of any steel.

There are two questions that have been often asked me which I shall try to answer here.

The first is: "Why did Turkey go to war?" Of the hundred and one influences determining the action of the Sultan, perhaps the most potent is the fear of Russia. It was this fear that brought Turkey to join her fate with the Germans. The hate existing between the Moslem and Slav peoples is centuries deep. Since the reign of Peter the Great, Turkey has felt that each Tsar in turn has coveted the Dardanelles. Twice has a concert of the powers saved the Sultan his privileges over this world-important strait. First, the Crimean War resulted in keeping Turkish territory intact. Again in 1877 Russia was deprived of the fruits of her victory by the skill of contending diplomats. Yet Turkey feels that though twice baulked, Russia means to take advantage of her present alliance to achieve the century-old ambition of a right of way to the Mediterranean.

In passing, it may be said that if this comes

AND THE DARDANELLES

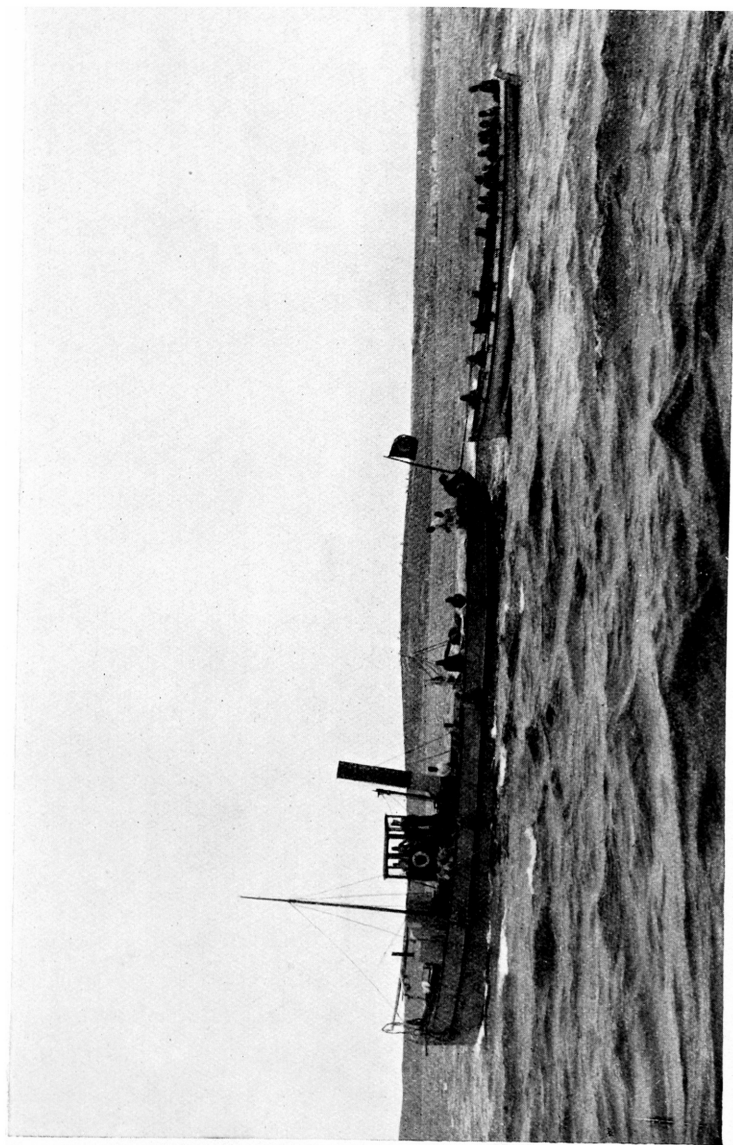
about the ghost that has haunted the chancelleries of Europe will be laid at rest. The diplomats who have used the Sultan as the joker in every shuffle of the European pack will have to devise a new game. With the masses, the reasons for fighting Russia are rooted in even firmer soil. They go down to the strengthening strata of religion. To the Mussulman a war with Russia is a holy war. They know that the Russian covets the Mosque of St. Sophia which lies in the heart of Constantinople. The average Turk, however, is much bewildered by the present situation of his country. He is not in the confidences of the leaders of the Young Turk party. A little group of this party is actually responsible for the present course of Turkey. Enver Pasha, whose ambition is insatiable, sees in the German alliance, if it is successful, the chance to establish himself as the Saviour of Turkey. If things go badly with the Sultan's troops, the first to fall will be Enver Pasha. What would be the chance of revolution it is almost impossible to prophesy. The Turk is an enigma. He will tell you that he has no quarrel with France or England ; for that matter, in fact, he has distinctly friendly feelings towards both countries. Why did they invade us ? he asks indignantly, and this gives us the key of Turkey's present resistance. Their land is being invaded.

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

The patriotism of the Turk is born not only in a love of that land, but also in a deep religious fervour that pervades his whole existence. No sacrifice is too great when he defends his land and his religion.

The second question, "What does Turkey expect to get out of the war?" is more readily answered. Turkey has never reconciled herself to the loss of her territory in Thrace and Macedonia. If the Central Confederacy is successful, the Sultan hopes to see the Star and Crescent flying once more over all the land lost in the First Balkan War.

This brings us to the question "How is Germany going to help Turkey?" Although on the face of things all is quiet, there can be no doubt that the Turk looks upon his present position as precarious. The little group of the Young Turk party, which is responsible for the present situation, realizes that any disaster would mean their disappearance from the Turkish political arena. The followers of Abdul Hamid, the former Sultan, are not extinct by any manner of means. There is a large party still strongly attached to the old régime. With the Young Turk in the saddle, however, they give no indication of their activities, but they are active. Every move of the present struggle is known to them, and they await only the psychological political opportunity to make a strong attempt to return to power.



Turkish transports crossing the straits of the Dardanelles.

AND THE DARDANELLES

Enver Pasha is cognisant of this, and now he calls upon Germany to come to his assistance.

If the British force should achieve any decisive success in the Dardanelles, a German attack can be expected through Serbia. Should Constantinople be in peril, the Turks would demand material assistance from their allies. I have been asked whether the present operations interfere seriously with Turkey's food supply. As far as I could judge, No. At one period there was a shortage of coal and the supply of petroleum is being depleted, but in the matter of actual food-stuffs the demands of the population were being met. How long this condition will continue I cannot prophesy. The present harvest has been abundant, and the hinterland promises to continue to supply the moderate wants of the population.

"Does friction exist between the Turks and Germans?" This is another question I have been frequently asked. From my observation the answer is, friction exists, but not to such an extent as to seriously compromise the present policy. You cannot divorce the German from his arrogance. When he wishes to be on his good behaviour, however, he can put this in the background. Such is the case in Turkey. The German officials do their best to hide the contempt in which they hold their ally. The Turk perceives this contempt, but he also realizes the

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

great benefits which he owes to German re-organization of all his military and administrative departments ; and as he finds himself committed irrevocably to the Teuton cause he smiles and makes the best of the present position, although it is to him personally disagreeable.

The Turkish gentleman is much more in sympathy with the English and French than he is with the German.

Constantinople, I repeat, is little affected by the operations in the Dardanelles. Except for the regiments that march the streets and the nightly arrival of wounded, it would be difficult to imagine the state of war. The fact that the British have made advances of so immaterial a nature during the months they have occupied the lower peninsula tends to confirm the confidence of Constantinople.

That it was absolutely necessary for Germany to bring Turkey into the war is quite clear from the defeats suffered by the Russian armies in the summer of 1915. It was necessary that Germany should shut off as many arteries of supply to Russia as possible. The most important highway to and from Russia, open during the whole year, was the Dardanelles. By closing these straits Germany accomplished two objects. First, the Russian wheat crop was locked within the confines of the country. The great money returns from

AND THE DARDANELLES

the sale of this crop were cut off. This in itself was a serious disaster to the Slavs. But greater than this was the interference with the stream of arms and ammunition which would have flowed uninterruptedly into the Black Sea had the Dardanelles remained open. This was a brilliant stroke of German strategy. All that the Teuton promises the Turk, even if paid in full, will not be recompense enough for this service.

GALLIPOLI

CHAPTER XII

GALLIPOLI

OUT of the west comes the rumble of distant guns. Salvo follows salvo with a clock-like regularity that bespeaks a task belonging more to unending routine than to the spontaneity of war's drama. When the sun sets, this echo of battle ceases. The quiet of a deserted city settles over all.

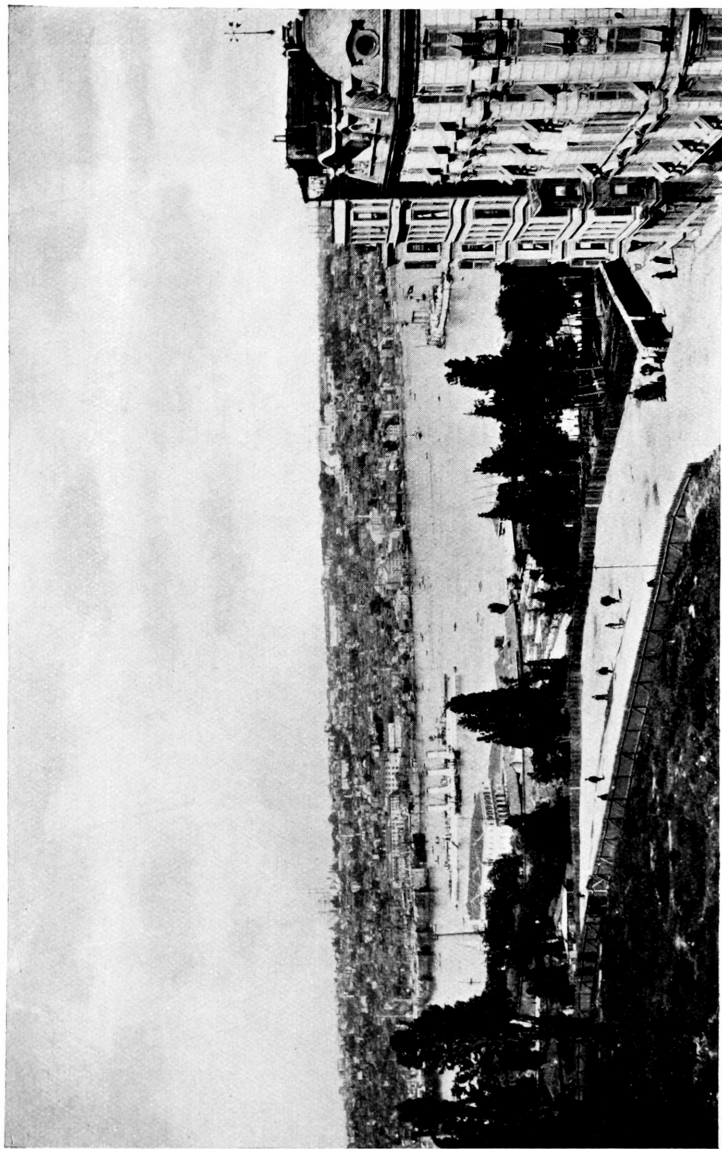
Last night I left Constantinople in a hundred-ton Bosphorus freight boat. Our cargo was stowed and ready before sundown, but the fear of restive submarines that haunt the Sea of Marmora stayed our sailing until near midnight. We carried bread, cigarettes and barbed wire, which I have come to consider the staples of war. A half-moon silvered the dome of the Mosque of Seven Minarets, and turned the phosphorescent waters of the Golden Horn into a path of diamonds as our paddles churned them into foam.

Past Seraglio Point, leaving Pera, a mountain of twinkling stars, behind us, we plunged into the dark opening of the Sea of Marmora. The

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

picture astern was a true page from the *Arabian Nights*, with Stamboul sleeping in the moonlight. A hundred oriental fancies filled my mind. But all thoughts of harems, viziers and bow-strings faded when our ship came abreast of what at first glance seemed some great industrial plant. Eight towering chimneys spewed forth vast clouds of smoke and flame. A subdued humming came from the place, telling of the toil that went forward within the straggling walls. Here was the Turkish powder works. From the atmosphere of the *Arabian Nights* we had come suddenly upon the essence of modern war. The flaming chimneys told of the struggle going forward to keep pace with the demands of the furnace of death far down on the peninsula. It is the story in Constantinople that this munitions factory has been put under German supervision, with a consequent increase in efficiency that has trebled its output.

Hardly had we passed the powder works than twelve Turkish soldiers, carrying their rifles at the ready, filed up from the hold to take station along the starboard and port rails. With the muzzles of their guns pointing over the waters, they strain their eyes searching for any sign of a dreaded submarine. The English E 11 by its unexpected and entirely successful appearances has in a degree demoralized the Turkish transport service. So to the excited imagination of these



The Golden Horn.

The "Breslau" and the "Barbarossa" lie at anchor in Calata Harbour. The "Barbarossa" (right) has since been torpedoed by a British submarine.

AND THE DARDANELLES

soldiers, every porpoise is a periscope, and every sleeping duck a danger. Time and again they fire into the flood, the crack of their rifles tending to quiet their apprehensions. Though I searched for hours through my glasses, I could see nothing that would warrant this waste of ammunition.

The chances of adventure seeming remote, I spread my blanket on the paddle box, and tried to snatch some sleep in the pauses of firing.

The next morning's sun found our ship well out in the broadest part of the Sea of Marmora. The green fields of the peninsula passed like a panorama as the paddle wheels held to their regular chugging. This section of the country is far from being the desolate spot one expects from the accounts of the fighting farther down the peninsula. Every acre is cultivated, roads wind in and out along the shore, and whirling windmills crown the crest of the ridge of Gallipoli. Where the sea pushes into the land, forming a bay, invariably one sees a collection of houses. In each of these towns, the salient feature is a sky-piercing minaret. At points along the road white-tented camps are pitched, looking like fields of misshapen mushrooms.

It is a long sail before the Sea of Marmora begins to narrow. In the late afternoon we come abreast of the city of Gallipoli. The land comes down to the sea in a high cliff, shaped like a badly

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

broken loaf of bread. Into the sides run deep caves where the population found shelter during the recent bombardment. The largest of these had been appropriated for Headquarters Staff, and beside it another cave served as telegraph station. A curious feature of the landscape are large black and white signs erected over many buildings of the town. These are to indicate neutral property, but how gunners in ships in the Gulf of Saros could be expected to see them no one could explain. The fact that several neutral structures had been hit and that one shell had fallen near the Turkish hospital, impelled Enver Pasha to send twenty-five French and twenty-five British residents from Constantinople with orders that they should be housed in different buildings on the danger zone. The detail of feeding these hostages and providing them with bedding does not seem to have entered the Turkish mind, so for six days they subsisted at the expense of the Secretary of the American Embassy, who accompanied them. Finally, upon the solicitation of the American Ambassador, Mr. Morgenthau, the hostages were returned to their homes.

Although the mosque in Gallipoli is a mass of blackened ruins and the burnt-out buildings that spot the picture testify to the work of the great British guns, yet the town is by no means totally destroyed. That the initial bombardment was

AND THE DARDANELLES

justified is patent from the fact that the headquarters staff of the Turkish army was stationed here. At that time it was the base for the troops operating further down the peninsula, and while undefended in the sense that no forts exist, still it was certainly a legitimate point of attack. No shell has fallen here for some time, and gradually the frightened people are finding their way back to their homes.

The Gallipolitans have one bitter complaint. Since the English submarine has scuttled so much shipping in the Marmora, their supplies arrive irregularly and are always scant. In this connexion I have a bitter complaint. I missed being torpedoed by the E 11. Trying to get a "scoop" on Mr. Swing, the *Chicago Daily News* man, I had caught this Bosphorus paddle boat bound for Chanak, while he sailed a day later on the transport *Nagara*. The *Nagara* met the saucy submarine and was sunk. Feeling that the fates ill requited my endeavours, I recount the story of Swing as a vicarious adventure.

My colleague had as a travelling companion a Bavarian doctor who was on his way to the fire trenches to pick up the Turkish wounded. When night fell Swing, who is convinced that a dead correspondent is of no value to his paper, made his submarine protection preparations. These comprised enfolding himself in one set of life

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

preservers, while using another set as a pillow. Thus accoutred, he made several practice spurts, hopping out of his sleeping-bag and skipping to the rail. The doctor watched this dully.

“Vas is all das?” he finally asked.

Swing explained that he hoped to beat the expected explosion to the water.

“Ach, you are a coward!” his companion snorted.

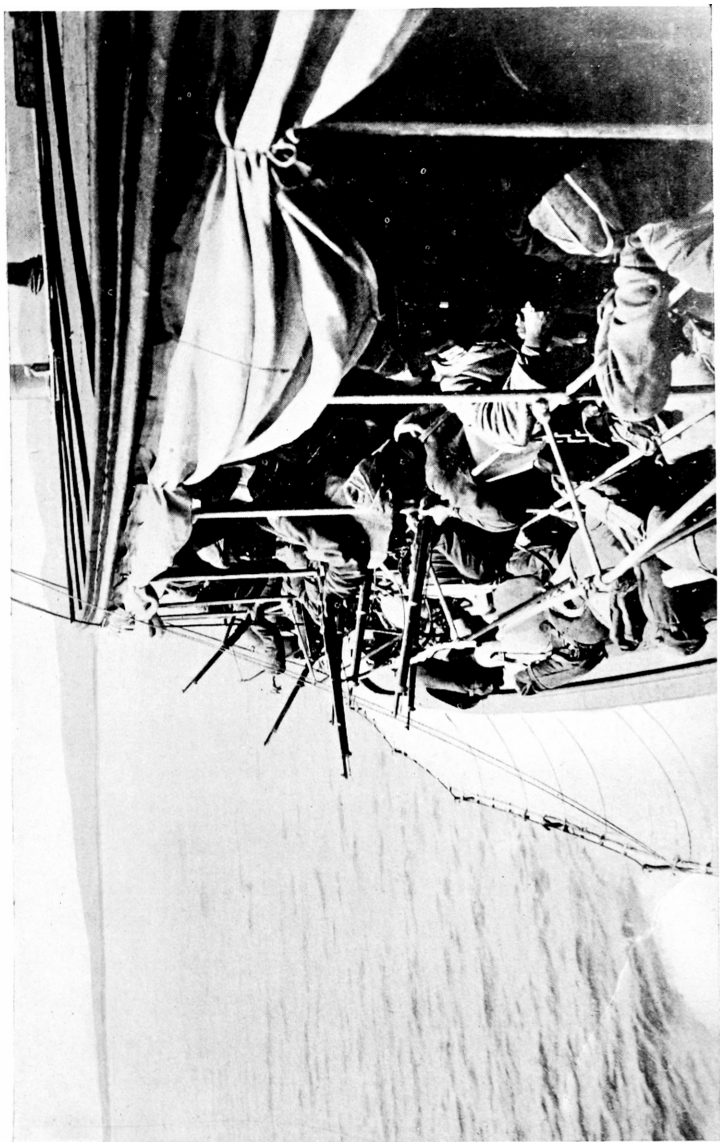
“Yes, doc, if not wanting to sit on this deck when six hundred pounds of gun cotton are exploding underneath me is being a coward, put me down in the first class.”

The next morning at dawn the two sat in the lee of the smoking funnel, making a meagre breakfast. The *Marmora* was as calm as the proverbial mill pond. “A fine morning for submarines,” Swing ventured, digging the last sardine out of the tin.

The doctor emitted a polysyllabic German word of unmistakable meaning. But Swing heard him not. His eyes opened. His jaw dropped. The tail of the half-bitten sardine trembled on his lips.

“And there’s one!” he stammered.

Not a hundred yards away the conning tower and the grey deck of a submersible rose slowly out of the placid waters. As it neared the *Nagara* the American, who was the only one on board who



Watching for submarines in Sea of Marmora.

AND THE DARDANELLES

could speak English, was hastily appointed interpreter. When the submarine came awash, four men appeared from the steel interior. One wore a white sweater. Using his hands as a megaphone, he hailed the *Nagara*.

"Who are you?"

"I'm Swing of the *Chicago Daily News*," was the prompt reply.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Swing, but what I mean is what ship is that?"

"The Turkish transport *Nagara*," the reporter replied.

"Are those marines?" asked the submarine commander, referring to the fez-topped crew scrambling about the *Nagara's* decks.

"No, they're just sailors," said Swing.

"Well, I'm going to sink you."

"Can we get off?" piped the journalist.

"Yes, and be damned quick about it."

The war correspondent turned to find himself almost alone on the transport. The Turks had hopped overboard like fleas from a griddle. He rushed to the side and peered down into a half submerged boat that two industrious Turks were busily baling with their fezzes. Swing swung down the falls and scrambled aboard. With the Turks at the oars he was pulled away from the transport. They passed the bobbing helmet of the Bavarian doctor and later picked up this survivor.

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

The submarine steamed slowly nearer the transport, then stopped. Suddenly a bubbling line like the wake of a racing shark ran from the bow of the E 11. Then a deep prolonged roar shook the waters. A sheet of orange flame appeared where the transport lay. When the morning breeze swept this away, bits of blackened wreckage marked what had once been the *Nagara*.

“And I didn’t have my camera,” wept Swing.

I afterwards learned that the E 11 had a perilously narrow escape on its submerged voyage out of the straits after this happy raid. Passing through the mine fields, the little vessel found itself suddenly checked. Rising just above the surface, Cammander Nasmith made the disconcerting discovery that he had run the bow of the E 11 directly into the chain that moored a mine. Any sudden jar would mean an inglorious end to his adventure. With sailor-like decision he reversed his engines and dove. This manœuvre disengaged the bow, and the submarine passed out in safety to the fleet. The incident shows the stamp of the English sailormen.

It was night again when we left Gallipoli for Ak Bush. Here in the waters of a quiet bay some twenty transports lie at anchor. The moon shed its light on a busy scene. Caiques, almost spilling boxes of ammunition over their high sides, make trip after trip from ship to shore.



Camel transport carry the staples of war—bread and barbed wire—to the Turkish trenches.

AND THE DARDANELLES

The clang of donkey engines and the rattle of chains call a hundred answering echoes from the surrounding hills. Excited tugs snort across the silvered waters, passing from transport to transport. Alone a white barquentine, newly unloaded, is silent. It stands ghost-like in the moonlight.

Dawn is announced by the weird notes of a Turkish trumpet. The fires that glowed before the tents fade with the coming sunlight. On the beach I distinguish a caravan of camels. Already Turkish soldiers in ill-fitting uniforms pile box upon box of ammunition upon the backs of the desert beasts. Now the loaded camels unlimber one leg after another, and soon the train moves out along the winding road. On such another scene as this must the great Suleiman have gazed, when he planted his standard on the fort that still towers above this bay.

From our ship, whose shallow draught lets us broadside the deck, the bread, the cigarettes and the barbed wire are unloaded. With the coming of the sun the Mussulman officers on board came on deck, took off their shoes, faced towards Mecca and knelt low in prayer. It gave one a strange feeling to watch this little ceremony—these officers must needs be good fighting men.

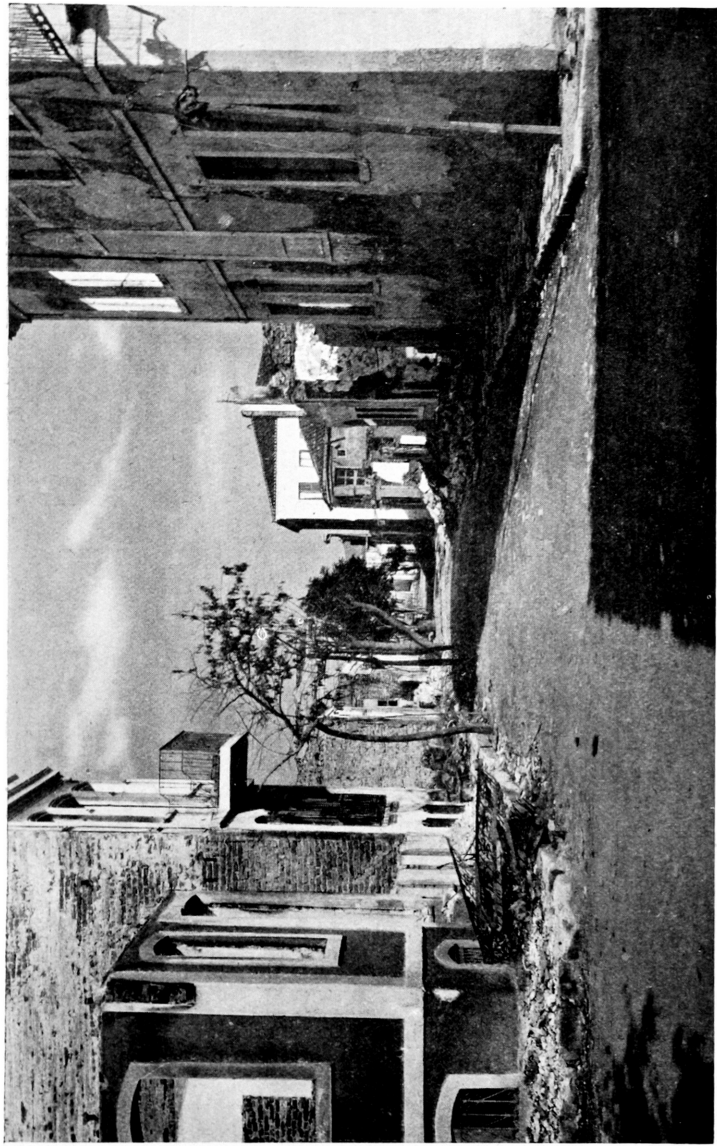
Where Xerxes' bridge spanned the waters of the Hellespont, under the frowning face of Fort Nagara, I crossed to the Asiatic shore. A stranded

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

hulk and a sunken transport which had been hit by English shells blocked the straits. Brown-barrelled guns, jutting out from the batteries on both the Thracian and Asiatic shores, menace every span of the waters. We row past Maidos, now a collection of shattered houses, where the empty windows stare down on us like eye-sockets in so many skulls, and come at last to Chanak. Here is but the shell of a city. Beyond the white houses that line the sea front there is nothing but fire-swept ruins.

Fort Chimilik juts out towards Fort Kilid Bahr, from which it is separated by only 1,400 yards of water. When you actually see this narrow passage commanded by over fifty 6-inch guns, mounted hardly 30 feet above the water, the folly of attempting to force it with even the most modern battleships is patent. That the Allied fleet suffered as little as it did is a miracle. Here the channel makes a sharp turn from north-east to north-west, thus necessitating a change of course for any ships navigating the Narrows. As every inch of the surface of the waters is plotted on the artillery maps of the forts, it needs but a moment's calculation by the battery commanders to get the exact range of vessels entering the zone.

Two thousand shells per hour fell in Chanak when the British fleet tried to force the Narrows. Such is the calculation of a neutral army officer



During the first bombardment Chanak was shelled by the British guns, and only the wreck of a town remains.

AND THE DARDANELLES

present during the bombardment. Despite this rain of gigantic projectiles the casualties in the forts were but twenty-six killed and twice the number wounded. Only two guns were struck in the forts. In Fort Hamidieh thirty-three shells, all over 6-inch, struck the traverse, while seventy-six fell at the back of the gorge, yet but one projectile struck in an embrasure, killing six men, wounding twelve, and dismantling a gun. This is proof enough that the problem of ships attacking land fortifications, even with the most powerful guns, still leaves insurmountable advantage with the forts.

As the main operations are taking place across on the Gallipoli peninsula, Chanak is only the base for the supply of the coast defence troops stationed on the Asiatic side. Beside these there is but a comparatively small force of infantry holding Kum Kale. A training camp is established lower down the coast. Perhaps it is because I have been accustomed to such bases as Warsaw and Ostend that Chanak seems small. Yet there is plenty of activity here. The coming and going of transports liven every hour of the day. Officers and soldiers lounge in the streets. A squad of German marines off duty crowds the bar of the *Salonika Hotel*, drinking Constantinople beer and singing Fatherland songs.

In the *Café Mouche*, so named on account of

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

the flies that abide there, three Turkish officers sit puffing at narguilas. One of these has a long, wicked Senegalese knife, which he won at Kum Kale. He shows it to me with great pride. They are friendly, but the language difficulty make the exchange of ideas an impossibility.

Passing down the Street of the Lamé Camel, I find myself suddenly walking among a great concourse of cats. They are of all shades and sizes, white, black, tabby and orange ; tom cat, mother cat and kittens. These were gathered from the destroyed houses of the city by the kind-hearted butcher of Chanak. Twice a day he takes great pleasure in feeding his feline family, and one gets some odd reflections on the curious twists of war, watching this Turk with his basket of meat scraps standing surrounded by more than a hundred mewing tail-waving cats.

Crossing the bridge that spans the little river Kodja Chai, I see two battalions of Turkish infantry camped along its bank. The white "dog" tents are spread under the sheltering plane trees. Many of the men are busy at the stream washing their linen. Here the surface of the ground is pockmarked with some fifty enormous shell holes, a reminder of the first bombardment bound to stir the most sluggish imagination. These holes were made by the 15-inch shells of the British ship *Queen Elizabeth*. In their use



The cats of Chanak. The kind-hearted butcher feeds the deserted pussies.

AND THE DARDANELLES

against land forces these shells are disappointing. They break into large fragments, generally in eight or ten pieces, and are highly ineffective against entrenched troops. The armour piercing nose, solid cones of steel 10 inches high and 8 inches across the base, are highly valued mementoes. Two of them decorate the entrance of German Headquarters.

Admiral Usedom, the Governor of the Dardanelles, is a gentleman with a kindly eye and a courteous manner. He wears the coveted Prussian order *Pour le Mérite* round his neck. As we chat together—he speaks English perfectly—it strikes me as highly incongruous that this elderly polished gentleman should be living in a 10 by 14 tent that is the daily target of British sea-planes. Admiral Merton is the second in command of this zone, and his aide is my friend Prince Reuss. Holding Turkish commands, these officers have substituted the Ottoman fez for their usual head-gear. Confidentially I don't believe that they enjoy the substitution.

Prince Reuss gave me an outline of the situation here from his side. The Germans are supremely satisfied with the outlook as far as the forts guarding the Narrows are concerned. The arrival of a German submarine in Saros is what the Germans are congratulating themselves on to-day. They tell me that she torpedoed the

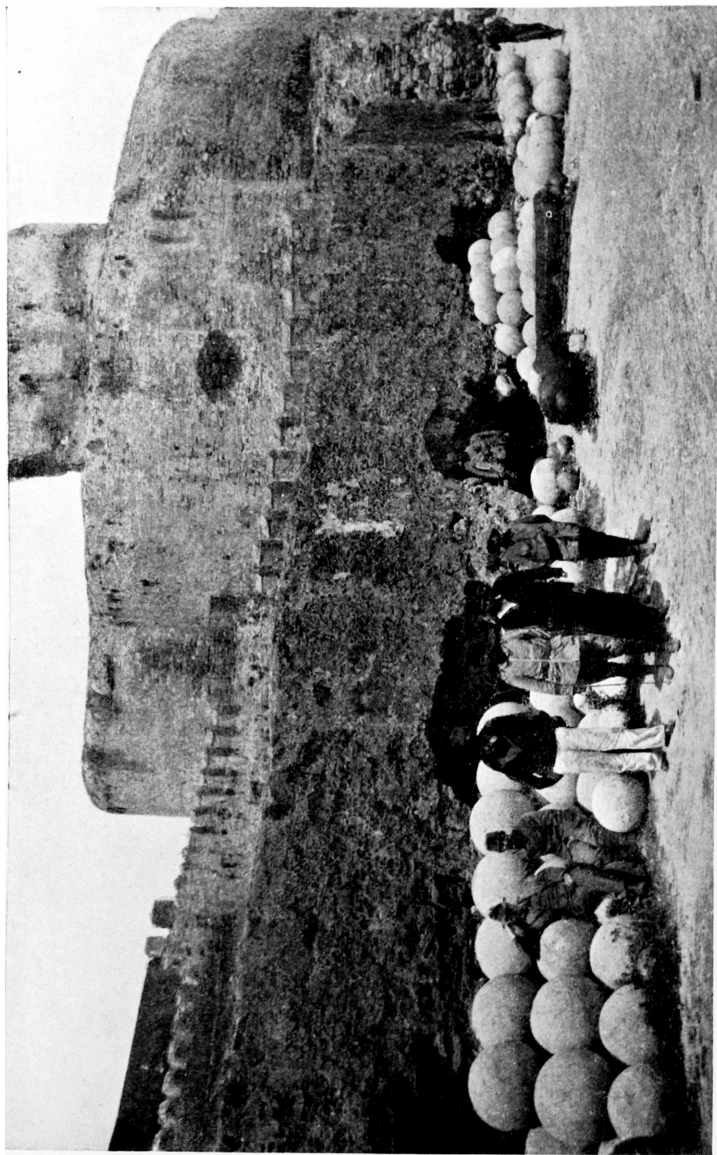
RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

Triumph. Struck at 12.30, not a vestige of the battleship could be seen above the water at one o'clock.

From my quarters in the House of the Whirling Dervish I can make out the entrance to the Dardanelles. A low cloud of smoke hangs over the water from Seddul Bahr to Kum Kale. The silhouettes of two battleships stand out against the grey sea. From these a line of smoke arches towards the land. This marks the line of the flight of shells breaking above the forts on this coast. The regular booming of the bombardment continues without intermission.

The daily excitement of the land operations is a duel between an English captive balloon and Turkish aeroplanes. The balloon, which directs the gunfire, is viewed with alarm and chagrin by the Turks. Not only do they aim every available gun at it, but immediately it appears an aviator is launched against the giant yellow sausage. When this danger threatens the balloon returns to earth.

During my visit in Chanak I had the chance to inspect part of the ancient fort Kilid Bahr. In crossing the channel we sailed directly over the mine fields, a fact which added a peculiar savour to the trip. We were not allowed to enter the sacred precincts where the modern guns are mounted, but roamed at will among the old



Old stone ammunition for the ancient guns of Kilid Bahr.

AND THE DARDANELLES

cannon. Some of these guns were 29-inch calibre, in comparison making the famous German 42 centimetre piece seem quite moderate. The ancient ammunition, however, was not alarming: The projectile is an enormous granite shot. It was a curious study in military development to compare the stone shot with the piles of fragments of 15-inch projectiles gathered under the walls of the fort. A German marine sergeant took great pains in explaining to me what little damage had been caused by the English battleship shells. Nothing in the appearance of the fort disproved his assertion.

From the hill at Kodjadah you can look down on both the English and Turkish trenches at Gaba Tepe, which at points are not more than ten yards apart. The Australians hold little more than the bathing beach.

An unending line of troops and transport moves along the coast road to the support of the Turkish position. The supply of men seems to be without end. It is not lack of soldiers that worries General Liman von Sanders as he rides along the trenches from the Dardanelles to the Ægean Sea.

DOWN THE DARDANELLES

CHAPTER XIII

DOWN THE DARDANELLES

FROM the razed walls of Troy I watch the bombardment of Seddul Bahr. Across the Hellespont a high, straggling, yellow cliff up-shoulders from the blue sea. White angles of canvas that glisten in the sunlight mark the British encampment. It lies in a ravine surrounded by sharp-edged crags and jagged hillocks, beyond which the land slopes quickly upward. Half-way up this rise is an irregular thin line of red earth stretching from sea to sea. This red band binds a corner of Thrace to England.

Farther north runs another red line that parallels the first. Here are the Turkish trenches. Behind them, deep hidden in a grove, is the Turkish camp.

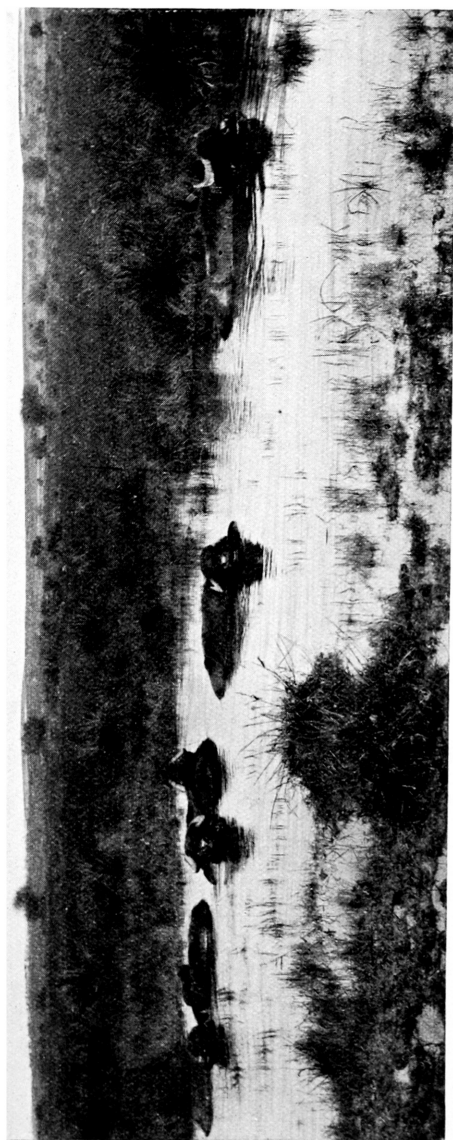
Suddenly a swirl of white cloud breaks out in the blue sky. Another and another until four rings of smoke, like puffs from a giant's pipe, hover over the line of the Turkish trenches. Out of the heavens comes a crash of thunder. Four loud breaks shatter the atmosphere. Before the waters

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

have finished booming the echoes of these explosions, four more ringed clouds spot the sky as suddenly and mysteriously as before. Again the thunder ! Now through my glass under the lee of black Imbros, I catch sight of the origin of the fleecy clouds that carry death. Turn after turn, two mighty battleships are firing. It is the daily bombardment of Seddul Bahr.

At daylight I left Chanak. Early as was the hour at which I started, trains were moving along the road before me. Bullock carts, with ungreased wheels that sang lugubriously, toiled across Kodja Chai Bridge. Clean white cattle, with heads bent low under their yokes, blew through their wide nostrils, and with steady patience pulled heavy loads of war material, rectangular ammunition boxes, camp equipage, and corpulent flour bags piled together. Black hairy water buffaloes drag the rear carts, and following these trots a line of burthened asses.

As these pass there is mighty activity in the camel camp on the banks of the stream. The kneeling camels survey the loads being strapped on their humps with eyes of limpid protest. With complicated untangling of neck and limbs the desert beasts prop themselves up on their cabbage hoofs, and begin their awkward side-wheel march. Leading the camels is a bearded Turk in a multi-coloured turban and a red sash riding a dapper



Water buffalo are used as transport on the Asiatic plains. English submarines having blocked sea transport down the Marmora, supplies reach the front by slow land transport.

AND THE DARDANELLES

donkey. No Roman general leading a triumph could show more manner. Small boy Turks run beside the train and bully the beasts with soprano shouting. Now and again a haughty train master gallops through the crowd of urchins, scattering the red fezes to right and left. Behind the camels comes a section of the regulation light wagon transport, pulled by horses. Drab soldiers drive these, and the picturesque is replaced by the commonplace. Can there be a more fascinating bit of movement than such an army train? One never tires of watching it wind in and out along the new white road, remembering that if this stream is checked it spells sure disaster.

From Chanak south the road follows the coast. A stretch of green meadowland separates it from the blue waters of the Dardanelles. Looking across the Straits you see that the country changes suddenly here. Abrupt crags rise out of the water and beyond these the terrain breaks into series of irregular ridges. It is a country full of first-rate defensive positions that need but a night's spade work to make them almost impregnable. Under German guidance the Turks have occupied all the dominant heights. From these they can pour a frightfully effective fire down on the Allies.

Wafted by the morning breeze I hear faint musketry and machine-gun fire from the direction

RUSSIA, 'THE BALKANS

of Auzac. I ride to the top of Dardanos hill for a better view. I see nothing across the Straits, but below me on the shore is one of the best forts defending these waters. Built low on a military crest a little of the fort can be seen from the land side. From its position it commands a clear range of the Straits. Brown-barrelled guns point to the south-east. Three of these are large calibre, perhaps 10-inch ; while others, which are six in number, I take to be 6-inch. Fort Dardanos is the most exposed of the Narrows' defences and suffered the severest attack at the time of the premature effort to force the Straits, yet the total of the damage done was small. The commander of the fort in the fire control station of the real crest of the hill was killed.

Past Dardanos the land falls back into a small bay where the ill-fated E 15 lies stranded. The grey line of her bow and her conning-tower with a cruel hole through it are all that now show above the water. By the whim of fate this submarine lies in the harbour where the British fleet anchored in 1853. Time and again I turn to gaze back at the little grey hulk forsaken on the waters. It stands as a monument to modern bravery, for it was brave indeed to defy the many forts in so frail a craft.

The road winds up heights past the newly made graves. Here the Turks killed in the first bom-



A Turkish camp on the banks of Simois River, hidden by plane trees from the English aviators.

AND THE DARDANELLES

bardment lie buried. Suddenly at the hill-top the mouth of the Straits comes into view. Seddul Bahr and Kum Kale bend together, so close that it seems one might hurl a stone across the waters that separate them. A haze covers the land, but Hellespont shimmers in the sun.

Far on the horizon, under a canopy of smoke, lie three ships. Grim grey monsters on guard. Above them an arch of smoke curves over the water towards the highest hills on the Gallipoli shore. These mark the passage of shells fired at the Turkish trenches. Without a pause the gun-fire endures. It is too far to distinguish the details. Only the ships, the smoke and the crouching land stand out in the picture. Down from the hill our road leads past the Turkish camp. It is pitched along the banks of Simois, in a country as pretty as an English park. The tents are covered with branches from oak and plane trees that cluster at the river side.

This is my first view of the Turkish troops in mass. They are a grim impressive lot. The khâki uniforms are worn with pride, and a curious Turkish helmet, a sort of cap the shape you would make for a child out of a folded newspaper, covers the head at a jaunty angle. Watching the serious earnestness with which these hard-bitten clods go through their drill, leaves an impression boding no good for the Allies that may fight them.

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

The checking of the first landing and the rebuff the British fleet received in the Dardanelles, has filled the Turkish soldier with confidence, hitherto unknown. Above all they are proud of having driven the French off Kum Kale.

This withdrawal of the French was a tactical error. The Turks are building batteries that will soon enfilade the English position from the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles. If the French advance along the Kum Kale coast had been maintained, this would have been impossible.

The Turkish troops are drafted from the training camp straight to the trenches. Time and again an errant shell falls into the little camp, giving the recruits their baptism of fire. Two German officers in Turkish uniforms ride past, on an inspection of the coast defences. On this side of the Straits the Germans confine themselves to manning the batteries. The infantry are all under their own officers.

The road now runs through Erenkeui, a deserted village. Before me rides a green-turbaned *hojah* (chaplain). Our horses' hoofs bring hollow echoes from the houses. Out of the town down a steep hill we ride, past the Red Crescent Hospital to the plains of Troy. Then on to the hills of Ilium. The plain is spotted with shell-holes and where stood the strong built walls of Troy now runs a line of trench. Underfoot poppies, larkspur and



A Turkish trench on the Walls of Troy.

AND THE DARDANELLES

mustard flowers are woven into a gorgeous carpet that covers the broken ruins.

From where Argive Helen sat and watched the brass-clad Greeks land from their beaked ships we gaze across Hellespont to the newest picture of war. War is a story little changed in 3,000 years. Our vaunted civilization fades when "Blood-stained Mars affronts the skies." Below me across old Skamander's marshes is Kum Kale. Houses are jumbled heaps of rock and plaster. From out there shines the glittering eye of a Turkish heliograph. Beyond this flashing signal is Hellespont with Seddul Bahr a jutting yellow ridge that cuts the blue of surrounding seas. Spotting the sea are a dozen ships. A double-funnelled grey-black battleship with spreading fighting tops, the *Majestic*, is the master vessel. Around it are grouped the transports. They cluster about the warship like women and children round a protecting warrior. Two transports show the red and black funnels of the Cunard Line against the bright blue of the Ægean Sea.

Each ship is in a fever of activity. Line after line of ships and boats pass and repass between the group of vessels and the beach at the base of the cliff. Cranes swing outward and inward, dragging up from the murky holds all the impediments of war and dumping them into the waiting tows. Khâki-clad soldiers crowd the rails of transports

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

or troop down the ladders to the waiting boats. Launches dart hither and thither from ship-side to shore and bustling tows and bullying transports. Apart from this turmoil lies a white ship with a dark green band painted on the hull. She flies the French flag astern with a red cross at her foremost top. Circling around all are watchful destroyers, long flat craft with three rakish funnels. These are the guardians from the destruction that lurks beneath the waters. Three mine sweepers push cautiously up Hellespont with their cranes swung overboard. To complete the picture a sea-plane circles over the busy ships. It has come from a camp perched on the top of Seddul Bahr. I can see two such camps. One on the crest that shadows what is left of Seddul Bahr town, and another half way up Morto Bay. Here a rusty hulk is beached. She is the *River Clyde*, which played so brave a part in the first landing. The hulk still serves as a landing stage. Over its masts white tents are seen.

Here on a desolate ridge live a handful of fighters, bent on winning this bleak peninsula for England. The pitiless sun shines on the bleached canvas. The road winds in and out of the ridges leading to the trenches that cut off the peninsula point. I estimate this to be three miles in from Seddul Bahr. It is a pitifully small bit of land that the Allies hold. Not more than the toe of the

AND THE DARDANELLES

promontory. Yet it is the most vital section of the peninsula—the very key to the Dardanelles.

Seddul Bahr can be made a Gibraltar of the Straits. But now from the line that faces the English the Turks pour the lava of death. New hordes march out from Krithia every day, determined to sweep the thin khâki line off the cliffs into the sea. But great cones of steel come hurtling through the sky, driving the Turks to cover. This rain of iron fragments, while the light lasts, goes on without pause. The smoke from the exploding shells makes a haze above the yellow earth where the trenches zig-zag. Every wave of the waters seems to reverberate with the noise of the bursting charges.

Rifle and machine-gun fire makes but a tinkling treble in this grand chorus of war music. Up and down the *Ægean* battleships steam sending salvo after salvo from their turrets. Howitzer batteries hidden along the shore reply, splashing the smooth sea with high fountains. All these seem to fall short of the ships. The work of the warships is fascinating. They look like prehistoric sea monsters. The grey-black sides and fighting tops tower out of the waves. A canopy of smoke enfolds them as they steam up and down firing as they go.

Six are at work now smothering Krithia. The heights of the peninsula steam like sulphur springs.

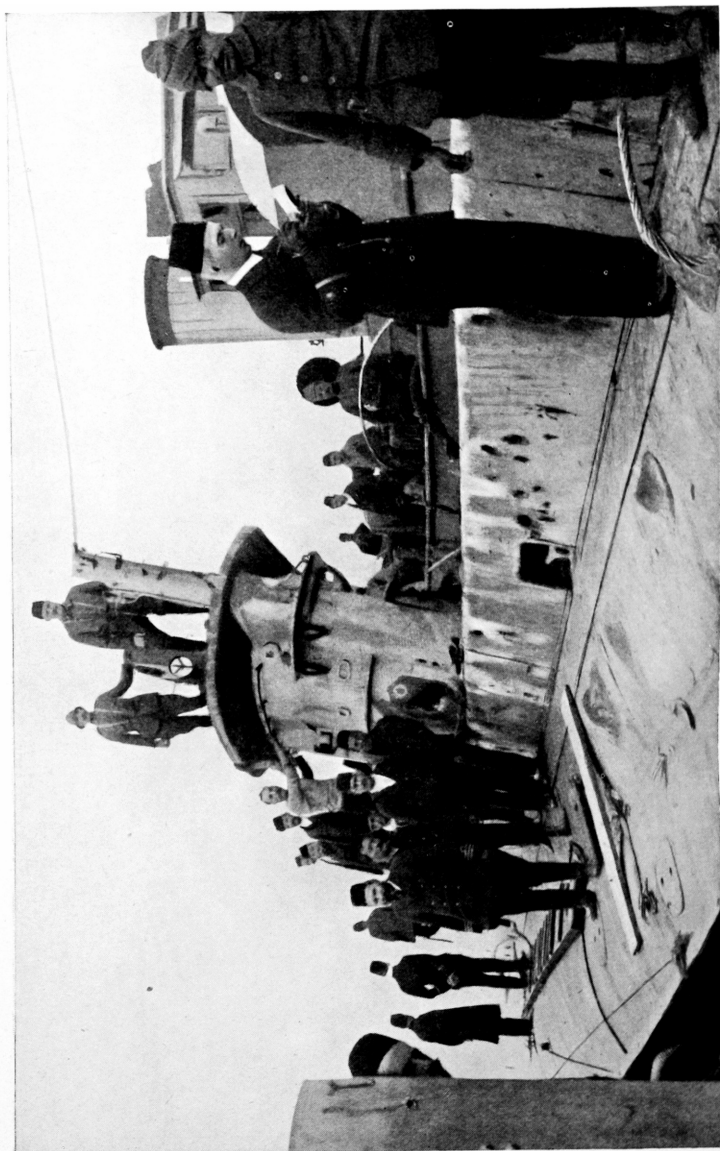
RUSSIA, THE BALKANS AND DARDANELLES

The swelling chorus of the cannon deepens into one continuous bass note. While shells are flying, tows are ferried without pause from ship to shore. Group after group of khâki figures are swallowed up in the ravines. A howitzer hidden among the brush on the shore before me fires sporadically on boats. But the Turkish shells fall wide.

The scene is the same until sundown. The pregnant silence holds the world. With the coming darkness I turn from Troy.

The next day Prince Reuss brought me the news that the *Majestic* was sunk at daylight.

THE MILITARY SITUATION IN THE DARDANELLES



Turkish soldiers on the E 15.
The German officer takes a painstaking inventory of the wrecked submarine.

CHAPTER XIV

THE MILITARY SITUATION IN THE DARDANELLES

THE military problem of the forcing of the Dardanelles is the most fascinating one of the war. Not only does it loom large with possible political consequence, but it combines all the operations of naval and military tactics developed in modern times tested to the last resource. The capture of the peninsula of Gallipoli may hasten the climax of the War. In any case the battling on sea and land in the Dardanelles brings out every thrilling incident of combat between fort and ship, land force and land force, the whole set down in an environment pulsating with historic interest. The ruined walls of Troy look down on the rusty sides of the transport *River Clyde*. The hulk of the E 15 blocks the Hellespont. So does the fighting instinct bridge the cycles.

The campaign divides itself naturally into the sea and the land operations. As the naval battle

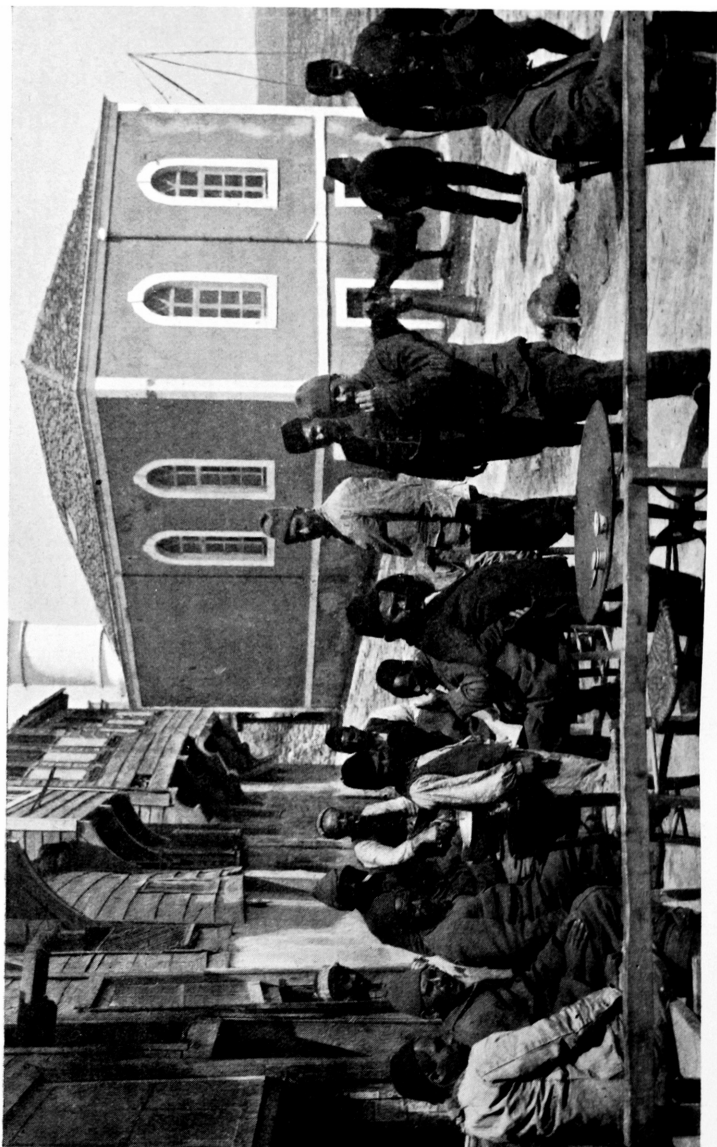
RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

was the first in point of time let us take up this at the outset.

The premature and lamentable attempt to pass the Narrows of the Dardanelles has been the theme of so many criticisms that nothing is gained by further discussion of the inception of the plan. After spending a week in the Narrows since the first bombardment, and conversing freely with correspondents and neutral officers present when the disastrous attempt culminated, I can give a summary of the net results of the fire of the battleships. The damage done by the forts and mine defences is already too well known.

I must interrupt myself to state that in view of the tone of optimism which pervades the English press in discussing the operations in the Dardanelles, what I shall unfold will be distinctly disappointing to those who expect a speedy forcing of the Straits. The policy of the Censor to allow any absurd exaggeration in the way of a story depicting success in this zone to be published, while suppressing the facts of difficulties that confront the Allies, has given the people in England a much too sanguine outlook on the actual situation. Mr. Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett alone lays stress on the handicaps under which the land forces are fighting, but compared to the difficulties of the naval operations these are as nought.

I have traversed the coast from Fort Nagara



Turkish soldiers off duty at Kilid Bahr

AND THE DARDANELLES

to within a half-mile of Kum Kale, and instead of dividing it into named defences, as Forts Medejieh, Chimilik, Kilid Bahr, Dardanos, and so forth, I am tempted to classify the whole coast as one great fortress. For such it is. Since March 18, every position that offered a field of fire in the least suitable has been turned into a battery. The banks of the Straits bristle with guns. Artillery of large calibre, excepting the movable howitzers, is absent in these new defences, but they are armed with an uncounted number of small guns.

This factor of preparation is one that must be kept constantly in mind when studying the situation in the Dardanelles. Since the first attack on the Straits the Turks have been training with a conscientiousness only exceeded by the soldiers of the so-called Kitchener's Army. All Turkey is an armed camp. From the moment you cross the border at Mustafa Pasha until you reach Constantinople you are passing Turkish troops in the making. You see them in all states of development, from the raw levies herded into the corner of a straggling village station to the perfected recruit in the person of a smart orderly who takes your card up to some personage in the War Ministry.

And when you go down the Sea of Marmora and touch land on either the Gallipoli or Asiatic side

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

of this zone, you cannot ride a mile in any direction without falling on a camp. With this indication of what Turkey is doing to meet the crisis that threatens on land it is evident that preparation of a similar nature is proceeding in the coast defences. Naturally it is a preparation which is not open to inspection. How each particular fort along the Narrows is hourly becoming a greater menace to the ships that may attempt the passage of these waters does not show on the face of things. The presence of numerous German marines and the constant arrival of munitions are the visible signs of what is going on behind the walls of earth.

The forts that guard the Narrows, from Nagara and Kilia to Kilid Bahr and Chanak, are not in a strict sense modern. Yet tested under the severest attacks of high power guns the damage they have suffered is almost nil. And it must be remembered that the shooting of the British gunners was excellent—so it had been characterized to me by an officer in command of one of the forts. Thirty-three shells all over 8-inch fell in the traverse, and seventy-six in the gorge of the fort he commanded, he considered splendid shooting. The fact that so little damage was done is due to the peculiar conditions of the attack, and, as he put it, “the English had hard luck, only one shell struck in an embrasure.”

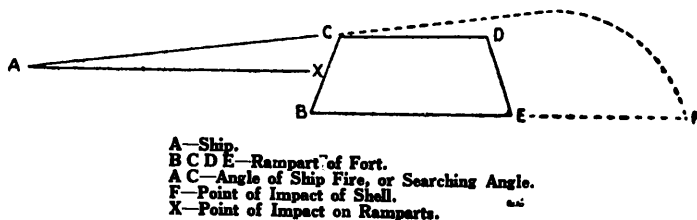
AND THE DARDANELLES

The forts are all built along the same lines. The walls are raised about 30 feet above the foundation and are almost twice as deep as they are high. The construction is revetted earth, to my mind the best class of defence possible. Usually there are eight embrasures with a 6-inch gun in each. These guns are of an old type, front pintal mounted in "barbette." I describe them as old because they cannot be fired with the same rapidity as the most modern fortress artillery, but against ships operating in the narrow passage ~~for~~ they defend a round in two minutes, which they are capable of developing with trained gunners—is amply sufficient. These guns have not the range of the ship's ordnance. This distinct advantage is nullified in an action confined to the restricted channels of the Dardanelles. From Chanak to Kilid Bahr the distance is but 1,400 yards. And at this point the course of the Dardanelles changes, which implies additional difficulty for ships navigating these waters. So the fact that the fortress artillery is not the most recent Krupp manufacture is amply compensated for by natural conditions.

I have stated that the guns as a rule were of 6-inch calibre. There are other guns of larger calibre in some of the forts. One of the largest is mounted in Fort Dardanos.

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

In order to explain the non-effectiveness of the ships' fire I must use a diagram—



Let "A" represent the ship and "CBDE" the fort, "AC," with its prolongation to "F" represents the trajectory of the warship's guns. This is also called the "searching angle." "AX" represents the ship's fire at almost point-blank range. "F" shows point of shell explosion behind the fort and "X" point of shell explosion on face of fort.

From a study of this diagram it is easy to understand the difficulties of effectively destroying land defences from sea alone. This is especially true where the attacking ships have a limited field of fire as is the case in the Dardanelles. A shot to be effective must strike directly in the gun embrasure, an opening about 10 feet square in the face of the fort. Shells striking the wall, or passing over it, explode harmlessly.

When it is remembered that that ship must fire while manœuvring, the comparative accuracy of the gunfire of the Allied Fleet is astounding.

AND THE DARDANELLES

Under German tutelage the crews that man the forts have arrived at a high state of efficiency in drill. That their morale has increased a hundred-fold since the fatal 18th of March goes without saying. Confidence is the note of all. A certain amount of friction exists between the Turkish commanders and their German allies. This is bound to be the case under the circumstances, but it is little more than an expression of jealousy on the part of the native officers. The Germans view the pretensions of the officers of the Sultan's army with tolerance. The friction which exists will hardly become of sufficient importance to impede military operations.

The question of ammunition is all important. There is no doubt that there is no arsenal in Turkey which can turn out ammunition of a calibre large enough to fit the fortress guns, so the forts must rely on the supply on hand, which however is said to be ample.

But it is not alone on the guns of the forts that the Turks place their reliance in the impregnability of the Dardanelles defences. The waters before the guns are sown with mines. These are the dangers against which it is almost impossible to guard. Mine-sweepers cannot operate far up the Hellespont, as they come under fire of the machine guns mounted at numerous points along the shores.

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

There are also hidden batteries especially placed to protect the mine-fields. These are so carefully concealed that they defy detection by aerial observers.

There has been much talk about stations for the launching of torpedoes from land. Prince Reuss, whom every one credits with being in charge of this work, assured me that the existence of such stations was pure invention.

A land torpedo launching station would be an effective defence for such a narrow crooked passage as the Dardanelles. The difficulties of constructing such a station would not be great. And the platform and launching tube could be easily concealed. One may be sure that if it is a feasible undertaking the Germans have adopted it.

In addition to the defences enumerated the Straits are protected by howitzer batteries mounted on short sections of railway track. The elimination of these is a most serious problem for the attackers. Not only have they the primal advantage of indirect fire, but if sharp-eyed observers should discover their position it is a simple matter to move. The construction of such batteries was going on all along the Asiatic shore of the Straits at the time of my visit. From this shore they are in a position not only to protect the channel of the Dardanelles but also to enfilade

AND THE DARDANELLES

the positions occupied by the French on the heights back of Seddul Bahr. The French camp is especially exposed.

This brings us to the matter of the abandonment of the operations against Kum Kale. In my opinion this failure to press home the attacks against the Asiatic positions is a mistake. Leaving the Turks in undisputed control of the Anatolian shore gives them a base from which to operate against troops advancing up the Gallipoli peninsula. In fact several bases have already been established here. How and when the troops gathered here will be brought into action I cannot discuss, but the shelling of the trenches across the Hellespont was a matter of daily occurrence the first weeks of June. Such firing will have a decidedly demoralizing effect, even if it does not produce many casualties. Indirect fire when continuous is discouraging to the best troops.

To summarize, defending the Dardanelles we have—

First, the forts, out of date but of proved effectiveness.

Second, the mine-fields.

Third, the batteries protecting these mine-fields.

Fourth, possibly, land torpedo launching stations.

Fifth, newly constructed batteries and redoubts erected in favourable positions along the Asiatic shore.

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

Sixth, mobile howitzer batteries.

The list speaks for itself.

Taking up a discussion of the land operations considered alone, while the handicaps of the Allies are not so disproportionate, yet they are severe enough. It must be borne in mind that the Gallipoli Peninsula to-day is not, from a military point of view, the same place it was three months ago. I have no doubt that a sufficient force landed in March might have changed the whole complexion of affairs in the Dardanelles. But there is no use crying over spilt milk. What must be realized is that under German guidance on the peninsula, to-day every ravine is a field of obstacles, every ridge a fort. If the British troops have a herculean task in Flanders, pause to imagine what is before them here.

In the first place they are outnumbered by two to one and, in the second, they are operating from a most difficult base. At first glance one may say that the advantage in numbers is of little importance, as Turkish troops during their last war were of proved inferiority. Perhaps they were a poor lot during the last Balkan war, though from the look of things at present I doubt even that, but to-day the Turkish common soldier is most formidable. With German thoroughness, the imported instructors begin at the very foundation of things and build up. I have seen the new

AND THE DARDANELLES

instruction of the Turkish army from the training of the recruit to the planning of communications and defences, and, believe me, it leaves little to be desired. There has never been any question of Turkish bravery. And the grim seriousness with which the soldier of the Sultan goes about his work to-day marks him as a most worthy foeman. So the matter of numerical superiority is of considerable importance.

With the advantage of numbers the Turks combine the occupation of the salient positions on the peninsula. Knowing the ground over which the operations proceed is also a great help. I am of the opinion that much of the terrain here is *terra incognita* to the Allies.

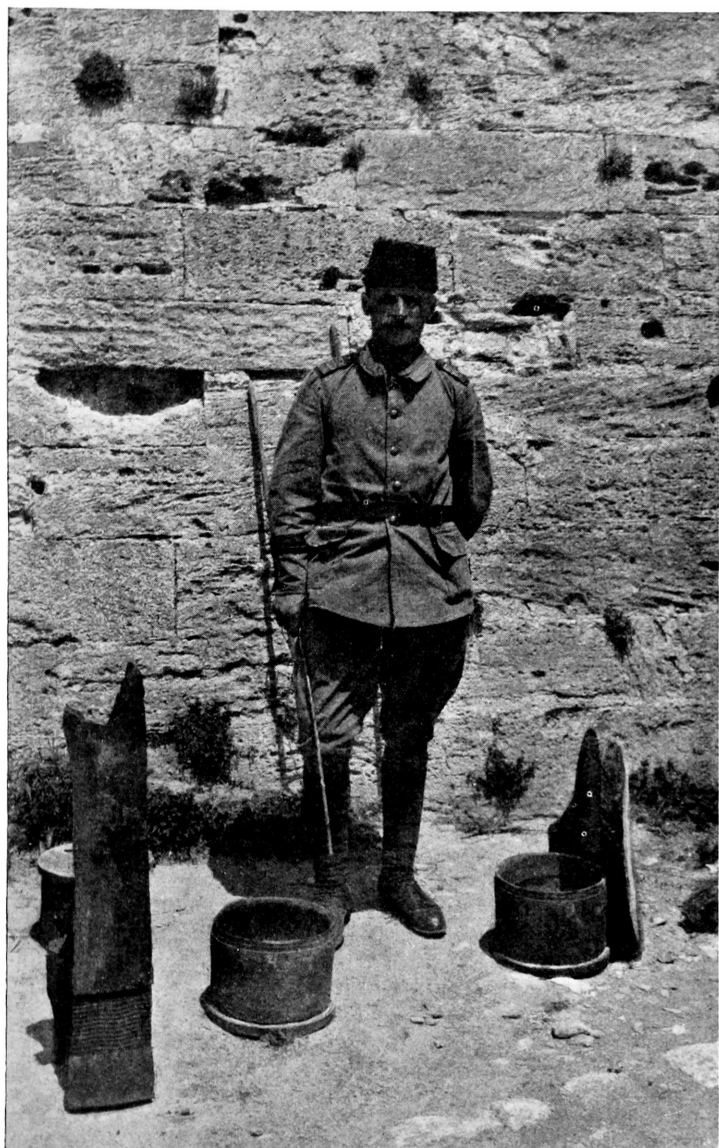
Another hindrance to prolonged operations in Gallipoli during the summer, is the lack of water. Up to the present, owing to the unusually late rainy season, the need of water has not been seriously felt ; but if the fighting is to continue throughout July and August, a drought may be expected.

It is the difficulties of transport that makes the operations in the Dardanelles one of the stupendous war-tasks of history. Try and visualize what the moving of the men and *matériel* of four divisions, roughly 100,000 men, from England to Turkey means. First the gathering of the forces and their embarking. Then their convoy over thou-

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

sands of miles through a submarine-infested sea. And finally the landing under a hellish fire from a protected enemy. Lines of boats passing with troops from ship to shore fired on from three angles. Guns embarked and landed under similar cross fire. Men once ashore they meet every military obstacle that the mind of man has devised. Under a murderous rain of copper-coated lead, they carve out a bit of the enemy's country and hold it. But now more ammunition must be landed. And food and water. And the wounded must be withdrawn. Is it not a situation calculated to non-plus the most daring and sanguine?

Of course the presence of the English and French fleets makes the action possible. But perhaps the most astounding feature of this side of the fighting is the disproportion of losses suffered by the Turks to the amount of ammunition expended by the fleet. This is due to the fact that the naval shells are of peculiar construction, especially contrived for piercing armour. I have seen the fragments of shell fired from the main batteries of the *Queen Elizabeth*. From actual count these shells seldom break into more than ten pieces. The nose, the base, and the shell proper is rent into eight large bits. In consequence, unless such a shell explodes directly in an occupied trench the damage it may inflict is small. You will see the whole side of a hill



The giant shell of the "Queen Elizabeth" broke into only ten pieces. Outside Fort Kilid Bahr a German Marine in Turkish uniform had collected some of the large bits.

AND THE DARDANELLES

where the Turks are dug in reeking with smoke, until the gases of the bursting projectiles seem to cover the earth with a haze. Such a bombardment looks like certain annihilation to every living thing in the shell-swept zone. Yet let the shelling cease and the troops advance to the charge and they are met with a murderous fire from the very ground where the shots have been falling the thickest. This is one of the mysteries of modern warfare.

Give the ships a fixed objective, such as a fort, and being able to fire on it from various angles the effect is better. Such a gun-fire destroyed the Seddul Bahr batteries.

But the battleships are running grave risks all the time they steam in these waters. Two were sunk while I was at Chanak—the *Triumph* and the *Majestic*. The latter ship I saw the day before she was torpedoed. The under-sea boat that accomplished these feats is at the present in dock in Constantinople, and the crew are enjoying themselves after the manner of victorious sailors on shore leave. The sight brings the fighting blood of every interned Englishman in Constantinople to the boiling point. To offset these German successes there is the extraordinary work done by the dashing commander of the "E 11." He has by his exploits in sinking Turkish transports in the Marmora and Con-

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

stantinople harbour demoralized the Turkish line of sea communications.

From what I have written it may be contended that I look on the operation in the Dardanelles pessimistically. Such is not the case. I can see success for the Allies in time. But they must be prepared to make enormous sacrifices. As I have already intimated it is the optimistic tone of the English press that has impelled me to give what I consider the true condition of the work in hand.

There is rumour current as I write, that three new English divisions have arrived at Imbros. And on top of this comes the story that large Italian reinforcements are expected daily on the peninsula. The gossip is interesting, if true.

Gallipoli and the forts of the Dardanelles are vulnerable from above. The many visits of Allied aeroplanes has a visible effect on the morale of the defending troops. These visits may become more frequent. What is lacking in this war is imagination. A daily flight of seaplanes, say twenty or thirty in number, over the Turkish positions would accomplish more than the usual bombardments. This manœuvre is obvious. Perhaps it is the lack of aeroplanes that has prevented it being put into operation.

Ammunition is the decisive factor in modern battle. I have written this phrase a score of times in the last twelve months. In this review of

AND THE DARDANELLES

conditions in the Dardanelles, I do not hesitate to say that in the end the fate of Constantinople will be decided by the amount of powder and shell available for the use of the contending armies. This of course implies that the English force will be able to drive in their enemy before the season of the south winds. Should it happen that they have not achieved a base on the mainland of Gallipoli safe from Turkish fire before the storm period, there is grave danger that this little army which has made such enormous sacrifices will be compelled to evacuate the span of land it holds. Such an event would be a calamity. The incidental losses of an evacuation cannot but be heavy. The blow to English prestige in Turkey and the Balkan States would be severe. Already the Bulgarians who beat the Turks so easily in their conflict consider that they are better fighters than the British. And if the far-heralded expedition should prove a failure it would take years to restore England to the proud position she formerly held in the Near East. More than this, a withdrawal would rightly bring in its train one of the severest criticisms to which the military authorities have yet been subjected.

The Gallipoli plan gives the Turks all the advantage of position. The more they happen to be driven in, the stronger they become. They are operating along communications that make the

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

matter of the supply of men and material to the trenches a simple proposition. This is a stupendous advantage over the English. With the invaders every transport, every tow that approaches land in daylight is shelled. During the night each landing place is raked with machine-gun fire. In truth, the English positions are watered with shot and shell throughout every hour of the twenty-four. Here is an impossible military condition. The men in the trenches cannot be relieved. Their billets are not comfortable houses out of range of the enemy's fire as is the case in Flanders, but the dugouts that they have constructed in the face of their defences. Once they are landed they must stick. Only the wounded leave these shell-swept shores.

The casualty lists are lengthened daily and nightly by the record of men hit landing supplies. Thus the effectiveness of the landing forces suffers greatly before they have had the chance of coming to grips with the enemy.

When planned fighting does take place, each action is in the nature of a forlorn hope. So well defended are the Turkish positions that the few yards taken in the numerous attacks have, in proportion to the ground gained, exceeded in casualty cost anything in the history of warfare.

Despite this it would be fatal to acknowledge defeat at this period. If the worst should come,

AND THE DARDANELLES

and the landings at Gaba Tepe and Suvla Bay become impossible because of the storms, they might be abandoned. This would be a bitter disappointment to the Australians and New Zealanders who have held on to the ground that they won at the cost of so much blood like human bull-dogs. But if it became a question of starving or surrendering, the last alternative must be chosen. This or a withdrawal. But the ground gained at Seddul Bahr must never be given up. A new Gibraltar will one day arise at this point. The old fort commands the entrance to the Straits. Properly rebuilt it would keep the entrance of the Hellespont against any enemy. It is a key position.

Let enough supplies, enough ammunition and enough men be landed here during the mild season so that the force would be able to withstand a siege, until after the winter months when a new plan may be inaugurated. Let the defences against any Turkish attack that may be expected be made impregnable. Let the quarters for the men be made as habitable as possible now in anticipation of the isolation of the winter. It will be a severe test, the months spent in saving what has been gained at such high cost. Officers and men will suffer as no troops have been called upon to suffer in known military history. But if they succeed in holding, I am almost tempted to say they will win the war for England.

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS AND DARDANELLES

The individual heroism displayed by the men in the Dardanelles beggars description. We already know of the splendid deeds of the first landing. The gallantry of the Army and Navy has passed into history. But deeds equally as glorious are being enacted every day. Mangling death and gaping wounds are hourly incidents of the occupation. Yet the men never flinch or falter. Add to the major trials the discouragements of lack of water, scanty rations and a scorching sun, and you have conditions to test the souls of the staunchest. Throughout it all, these soldiers stand to their duty. In the future it will be the proudest honour of any British regiment to see on its standard the lettering "Dardanelles."

WAR PROBLEMS

CHAPTER XV

WAR PROBLEMS

THE past year has seen the world a retort in which the alloyage of war is being gradually resolved into its basic elements. All the accurately constructed monstrous devices contrived by man for the killing of his fellow-man have been put to the final test. All the carefully thought out theories of strategy and tactics have been tried in practice. And the result is we find ourselves in a sort of vicious circle of the science of destruction. We have arrived again at the stage of the hand-to-hand encounter. The experts who theorized about the effect of modern weapons declared that battles in the future, that is to-day, would be conducted in such a way that the contending armies would never approach within a mile of one another. We find them fighting five yards apart. The charge was impossible, the bayonet obsolete, so said the initiated. Instead, the charge is a daily manœuvre, and the bayonet the handiest

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

weapon the soldier carries. Surely it is a heavy indictment of our vaunted development, if war, the science wherein man has applied his greatest brain power, finds us, after the centuries, little farther advanced in the refinement of killing than the cave man.

I have seen some fighting on both the western and eastern fronts. From a mass of fermenting impressions I shall try to disentangle the salient conclusions.

The most effective weapon yet designed is the machine gun. This effectiveness is to some extent limited in an advance, but in defensive positions no arm now in use has been of greater service. I venture to state that if it were possible to collate the statistics of casualties on all sides, the machine gun would prove to have the highest killing power. The stock arguments against it are that it gets out of order easily, and that it consumes a disproportionate amount of ammunition. A carefully tendered gun should not get out of order readily. With experience, operators learn to save the barrel from an extreme heat test, although under fighting conditions this is not always possible. A good crew must know how to put its arm right except where it has been totally smashed.

The contention that it expends too much ammunition is not sound. The prime desidera-

AND THE DARDANELLES

tum in action is the rapid use of shot and shell at a critical moment. It follows that a force, theoretically, must have an inexhaustible supply of ammunition. Besides, the cartridges for machine guns are the simplest type of munitions to manufacture. It is this fact that saves the Turkish army in the Dardanelles. The men and machines for the making of small arms ammunitions have been sent from Germany to Turkey, with the result of avoiding what at one time threatened to be a serious shortage. I have travelled in the same train with German mechanics on their way from Sofia to Constantinople. These men have converted Turkish industrial plants into small-arms ammunition factories, and so long as raw material is available there will be enough reserve supply for present needs.

I cannot emphasize the value of machine guns too much. I am told by an officer recently returned from the English front that the Germans have planted these watering-pots of death at intervals of forty yards along the whole position. This should be recommendation enough. What they accomplished at the time of the first English landing in the Dardanelles can be deduced by a careful study of Sir Ian Hamilton's report.

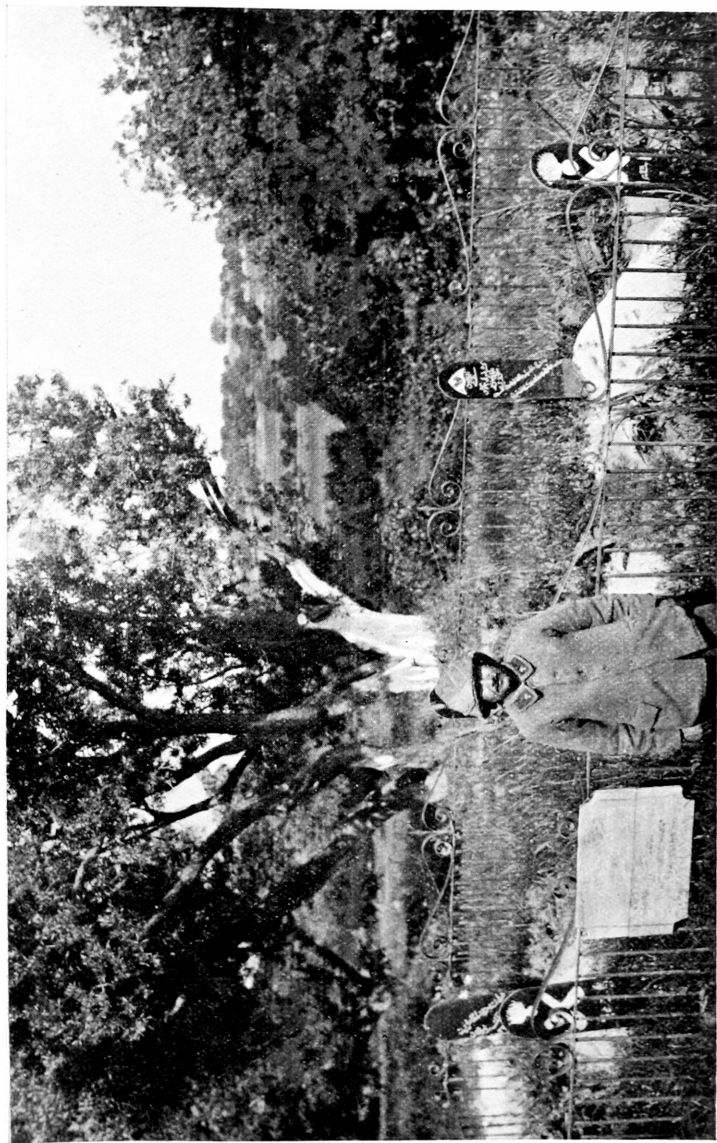
How to silence a machine gun is not a serious problem if its position can be accurately located. A well-placed shell, concentrated rifle fire, or,

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

as was the method at Seddul Bahr, a little successful bayonet work will do the trick. But the guns are difficult to place, and nearly always are protected by wire entanglements.

This other "invention of the devil," is an unsolved problem of modern war. Destroying it by shell fire is a tedious and expensive business. Besides, the work of the gunners can be rapidly repaired at night. Sending out parties to cut the strands is a highly hazardous undertaking, and seldom wholly successful. The barbed wire used by the Turks is as thick as your little finger, and the ordinary wire-cutter issued to troops makes tough work of severing it. It can be laid down as a military maxim that sending unprotected troops against uncut wire entanglements is never permissible.

In this connexion, though the idea may sound fantastic, I advocate surrounding whole countries with fields of wire entanglements: that is for nations occupying the same continent with Germany. A frontier zone of a determined width could be planted in time of peace with indestructible steel posts with the best steel wire laced between. Roads and railroads open ordinarily would be so arranged that the entanglement zone could be continued across them at an instant's notice. Supplementary defences would in certain cases be advisable. The outline



Turkish graves on a hill-side in Gallipoli. The toll of the British gunners.

AND THE DARDANELLES

is a mere suggestion. Details can be devised according to circumstances. My experience convinces me that the plan has merit. The only objection I see is that after the entanglement zone was constructed, some genius would discover the antidote. So far in this war this has not happened. The history of fortress warfare from the beginning shows that these elaborately constructed supporting positions are obsolete. It is only when their defences have been seconded by extensive and carefully planned field fortifications that they have withstood siege-gun artillery fire.

I have laid it down as a rule that "unprotected" men should not be sent against intact wire entanglements. Armoured soldiers might under certain conditions be advantageously used to destroy wire. The question of armour is in an inchoate state at present. Shields and helmets are advocated and used by some in the French army, but to me the most important idea is the revival of the *testudo*. The old Roman turtle has been tried on the French front, but the contrivance was a most primitive affair: a shell of steel mounted on wheels, under which a man crawled. But with this he approached unharmed to the enemies' defences. The machine is unwieldy and somewhat impracticable; still, it is capable of development. I expect to see a

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

testudo that will mount a machine gun evolved in the future. After all, this is only a modification of the armed-motor idea which at the beginning of the war was so successful. The contrivance I have in mind would travel across country.

Shields are now an accepted part of military equipment. The almost universal use of sheet iron in trench construction proves the worth of the shield idea. I have been an advocate of the shield since I first saw it used by the Japanese at the siege of Port Arthur. It has its limitations, of course, but certainly men sent to cut entanglements or destroy other obstructions should be provided with protection. The helmet, clumsy as it is at present, will keep down the casualty lists appreciably. It will surely be improved.

It is not the use of armour alone that makes one think that we have gone back in the art of war, but the employment of such primitive weapons as the ballista and the catapult. These are used for hurling grenades and bombs. With an enemy only 20 or 50 yards away, it is essential that no smoke or flare indicate the position of a weapon. While great ingenuity has been displayed in the construction of these propelling devices, they are not high examples of modern mechanical invention. As a propellant there are unknown possibilities in the use of compressed

AND THE DARDANELLES

air. In the application of this power to bomb launching, the sapper has the chance of showing his inventive genius.

The problem of casualties will soon be one of the most serious of the war. The policy of all sides to temper this feature, or conceal it altogether, cannot hide from any thoughtful investigator the huge losses of the war. They are appalling. And it is small consolation to hug the belief that the enemies' losses are the greater, when he is a better organized opponent. Numbers are not everything in war. Witness the disaster in Russia. I am a believer in the wearing down of Germany, but in bringing about the attrition of the foe do not waste too many troops in the operation.

The French are losing at the rate of 100,000 men a month. Actually about 200,000 are hit a month, but 50 per cent. return to duty. The English casualties are not less than a thousand a day, 30,000 a month. The Russian losses, which cannot be correctly estimated as no lists are published, must from what I have seen be approximately 200,000 a month. Total, 330,000 every thirty days. I do not claim that this calculation is exact, but it is approximate.

On the other hand, it is an exaggeration to put the German-Austrian losses higher than 200,000 a month. All the stories of enormous German

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

casualties are highly coloured. Time and again I have heard stories of heaped-up bodies of dead, but except in rare instances they do not stand the test of investigation. I think that since the Battle of the Yser, the enemies' losses in the gross have been less than the Allies' in the gross. I know from a neutral officer present with the first advance through Galicia of General von Mackensen's army, that the damage sustained was not out of proportion to the results attained. This is a reasonable belief. In the first place we excuse the Russians by saying that they are short of ammunition, and in the same breath we claim tremendous German military deterioration due to Russian fire. Where is the logic in that? All of which leads up to the thought that the Allies must husband their resources until Germany shows some sign of breaking.

Associated with the question of numbers is the discussion of Universal Service in England. To defeat Germany, England must inaugurate national service, or, to give it its rougher name, conscription, within a year. In this war England is up against a condition, not a theory. The one thing Germany fears at the moment—and I know whereof I speak—is that England will embrace conscription. They hide these fears by asserting that the English have not got the backbone for conscription.

AND THE DARDANELLES

England's reluctance to adopt this measure has led to an unhealthy state of mind in France and Russia. If I have been asked once, I have had the question, "What is England doing?" proposed to me twenty times by Russian friends. I tell them of the work of the fleet and the effort to open the Dardanelles, but I can judge all this does not kill the suspicion that the English are not supporting their allies to the fullness of their ability. I have met the same anxiety in France. And it is certain that German propagandists are spreading this poison to the limit. There are two things outside of an unexpected serious defeat that would have a disheartening effect on Germany. The first, which they are already bracing themselves for, a winter campaign; and the second, universal service in England. It is to be sincerely hoped that the question of this national sacrifice be not reduced to the status of a mere political issue.

But to return to our tactical problems. What is the manœuvre that will succeed against the trench? The military world awaits the answer. How can a force successfully attack another force nine feet under ground, protected by wire entanglements, machine guns, and under the shadow of heavy field artillery? At present we have no answer. Mining and countermining is too laborious; general attacks too costly; the

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

French "nibbling" valiant enough but slow. It is not inconceivable that the two armies on the west front will remain in the same approximate positions until the close of hostilities. German gassing was not the answer to this problem, although it had success at first. The respirator has nullified this form of attack. For the moment we seem to be up against a dead wall. Out of the study of conditions only one possibility emerges. This is the employment of packed masses of heavy artillery. It is a variation of Frederick the Great's tactics, "blowing a hole through the enemy."

General von Mackensen, in forcing the passage of the Dunajec, used his guns in this manner. He had 1,500 pieces of heavy ordnance. These he placed in column formation on a narrow front. The rear guns fired directly over the front pieces at the distant opponent. A prodigious amount of shells were supplied. The supply exceeded the most reckless expenditure. An officer present describes the effect of the fire of those 1,500 guns as overwhelming. Battalions were snuffed out of being in a trice. It was not the troops in the trenches who suffered the greatest losses, but the supports sent to their assistance. These were practically annihilated. The German guns watered an area in rear of the Russian positions with tremendous shells over which nothing living

AND THE DARDANELLES

could pass. Reinforcing regiments were shot to pieces before they came within rifle range of the enemy. Thus the first line troops were isolated, then attacked with superior numbers. When their ammunition was exhausted they were beaten.

But the trenches of the Dunajec are not comparable with those behind the Yser. The latter position is practically impregnable. What would happen if the Mackensen manoeuvre was employed against the English or French armies? Would it blow a hole through them? We must reckon that the Russians were deficient in heavy artillery, and had but a limited supply of ammunition for such guns as were available. This would not be the case on the west front. To-day the English and French have much heavy ordnance supporting their positions. Ammunition is plentiful. It is hardly conceivable that the Germans could achieve a superiority of gun fire such as they had over the Russians.

Let us grant, for the sake of argument, that the Germans are able to release corps from the eastern front and pile them against the positions on the west. Would this under the presupposed artillery support be able to break down the defence? I think not. The attackers might accomplish numerous local successes, but unless they bring some entirely new factor into operation, any success achieved would cost more in

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

men and munitions than the result would justify.

From the above it must not be inferred that I belittle Germany's attacking power. I have seen too much of what it has accomplished to do this. My appreciation of the German war machine is so great that I have several times been accused of favouring their side in military judgments. I am far from doing this, but I consider that the tendency to belittle German achievements during the first months of the war has led to the tardy realization of what the defeat of that nation will cost. Any fair-minded observer must admit that Germany possesses the most efficient fighting organization the world has seen. This does not mean that I think Germany will win the war. That is a subject I shall touch on later. What I do say is that even this super-proficient organization cannot break the present English and French line.

The only time they achieved even a local superiority was due to the employment of gas. Whether this scientific method of killing is or is not barbarous is now past discussion. It is one of the first principles of war that you must fight an opponent with his own weapons. The question of national existence must not be decided on a scruple. When gunpowder was first employed its use was considered as barbarous then as some believe the use of gas to-day. The

AND THE DARDANELLES

best objection to the gas offensive is its impracticability. In the first place it must wait on atmospheric conditions ; second, gas vapours are often fatal to the force employing them. In addition to this, the use of the respirator nullifies gas effects. Thus in its present state of development this device, which was welcomed with such fiendish glee by the Germans, unless greatly improved in application, can be dismissed as a fighting factor.

The " flame projector," or apparatus for squirting liquid fire, recently used by the Germans, can hardly be called a practical weapon. It has a range of not more than 25 yards, and is not mobile. The reservoir cylinder weighs about 50 pounds empty, and the projecting apparatus is clumsy and of limited application. The idea is capable of development. The fire department of New York has evolved machines, water towers, and compressed-air pumps contrived to deluge the " sky scrapers " of that city with water. Petroleum projectors built on the same principle can be made for trench work.

Dismissing tactics, let the question be frankly put : Can Germany be beaten ? It must be admitted that the arch-enemy has so far maintained an unbroken front. She has lost her colonies, but this was to be expected in view of their remote positions. Let us study where Germany shows

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

superiority on the continent. The march against Paris and the plunge at Calais were failures, but the campaign in Russia is a success. These facts give us the clue of German superiority. It grows out of what I may call lack of cohesion on the part of her opponents. That the Quadruple Entente permits Germany to attack its members in rotation shows complete absence of strategic co-operation. That the Central Europe Confederacy solves the mechanical problems of the swiftly changing campaigns, implies a marvellous efficiency in the transport and supply departments. Logistics is the secret of German success. The extraordinary shifting of armies from one front to the other is without precedent. Russian reports always claim that their retirements are due to German numerical preponderance. Is it not astounding that the Russian armies should be outnumbered at every point? I think it was the checks Germany received at the Marne and at the Yser that gave her the clue which has led to victory against Russia. The great General Staff were quicker than their opponents in a comprehension of new war elements. The ammunition problem was revealed to them in a flash. When reports coming from widely separated field armies told the same story of unprecedented shell expenditure, the staff took immediate steps to meet this con-

AND THE DARDANELLES

tingency. They did not have to organize munition workers, or to make speeches to factory hands. To increase their output of ammunition, they simply speeded up a machine that was already working. When the German commanders realized the rôle heavy artillery was to play in warfare to-day, they bent every effort to the construction of large calibre mobile guns. The matter was not a subject for debate ; the German commanders knew they were not the pawns of politicians, and they are sure they hold the resources of their empire to use in whatever way the necessities of war dictate. The German people have responded quickly and unanimously to the demands of war. This has been a potent factor for success.

The defeat of the Russians, magnificent as it appears in the light of strategy, was not the inspiration of genius. In the first months of the war there were many who hoped that the Russian armies would march triumphantly on to Berlin. Given the German General Staff, and it would have been in Berlin in three months. Faulty organization is at the bottom of the Russian breakdown. The shortage of ammunition is such a notorious fact that I shall not dwell on it. Beyond this gross military mistake, the present defeat can be attributed to two vital deficiencies : the failure of Russian Service of Security and

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

Information, and a woeful lack of co-operation between division and corps commanders. One Austrian report claims that they came upon a whole Russian corps while it was asleep. Such negligence can only lead to the worst disaster. It indicates that the patrols are either non-existent or so poorly organized as to be non-effective. Under its handicaps the army has executed a remarkable retreat.

But on the very face of things it is absurd that Germany, with about one-third the population of Russia, should be able to put more men into the field against the Russian forces, and at the same time hold the English and French armies in check in the west. It is an unparalleled military achievement.

The cancer that is eating at the heart of Russia is the pro-German clique at Petrograd. This is a danger far greater than a straightforward German invasion. It is like an insidious disease, undermining the strength of the nation. The Court is saturated with German and Austrian sympathy and intrigue, which is the very life of a large number of titled personages having strong Teutonic connexions.

The Russian debacle is due not so much to German supremacy as to Russian lack of foresight.

What has been Germany's achievement against

AND THE DARDANELLES

the French? From a comparison of French and German communiqués, it appears that General Joffre's tactics are bringing about slight but continued advances. The daily report of successes in the Vosges and the Argonne prove that here the French have units of tactical superiority. The confidence of the troops manning these positions is inspiring. They know that they are better than the enemy. Under the conditions of trench warfare, this moral supremacy only comes after a trial of strength. The actual result of any effort can be accurately gauged. "We are killing them two for one." This is the statement of a French officer. It epitomizes the optimism prevailing along the whole French front.

Along the English and Belgian fronts the situation, in sporting parlance, would be called a stand-off. The English have made no move of importance since the Neuve Chapelle operation. There have been attacks and counter-attacks local in character, and important enough in testing the valour of troops and the strength of positions. The fighting at Hooge is an example. Still, from a study of the positions of the English and German lines since March, we must conclude that neither side has achieved any distinctive advantage. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that the English have diverted many

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

divisions to another war zone. This diversion took place at a very critical period of the fighting in Flanders. It is no secret that the British commander, Sir John French, was bitterly disappointed that he did not receive as reinforcements the army sent to the Dardanelles. I have devoted a chapter to an analysis of the difficulties of the Gallipoli campaign. In that chapter I did not discuss the expedition in its relation to the British operations in France. If the Dardanelles are not forced within a reasonable time, the Mediterranean Expeditionary army will be a severe strain on Britain's military resources. Such a drain cannot fail to have its effect on the power of the armies in Flanders. With a casualty list growing larger day by day, the problem of filling the gaps will be serious.

With a very considerable portion of her force serving in another zone, England is still able to check any German movement towards Calais. An analysis of the situation gives the Allies a slight advantage on the west front. This small advantage is a very important factor in the argument for future French and English advances. First it is the foundation for the extraordinarily high morale of the French army, and second it is a conclusive proof that Germany can be beaten.

How can Germany be beaten? Broadly

AND THE DARDANELLES

speaking, there are two methods of attack. Direct and through her allies. A direct attack upon Germany can be either an assault or a siege. The siege is to be preferred. This is the consensus of military opinion, which need not be elaborated upon here. I see no reason to change the opinion I expressed in my previous book: the element that will defeat Germany is exhaustion. The German spirit is such that only the destruction of a very considerable portion of her armies will ever bring her to accept the Allies' terms of peace.

From positive knowledge I can say that the German casualty lists are beginning to have a depressing effect upon the civil population. "How long will it last?" is the anxious question every German wife and mother is asking herself. Granted that there are exceptional instances where a father boasts of having several sons killed, mourning cards lamenting the *fifth* son given to King and Fatherland have been printed in German papers, this Spartan attitude is not universal. The German civil population is resigned to its losses and suffering because it hopes for an early peace. This delusion binds the people to the chariot wheels of the Junkers. Destroy it, and the power of the military clique will topple.

A most significant indication that Germany

RUSSIA, THE BALKANS

schemes to bring about peace pourparlers whenever the opportunity offers, is the abandonment of the submarine policy and the conciliatory attitude of the German Embassy in Washington. At the same time the inspired diatribes against the American Government for allowing the sale of ammunition to the Allies disappear from the German press. Germany is no longer the bully ready to take on the world. She pushed the United States to the limit, and suddenly realized that to pick a quarrel with the great American nation would kill all chance of peace. With the resources of America behind them, the Allies would have an inexhaustible supply of the sinews of war. Unprepared the United States is ; but in the matter of raw material for the making of armies—men, money and munitions—few nations can show a greater reserve. To mention one branch, there are 70,000 industrial plants now engaged in other manufactures, that could be rapidly changed into ammunition factories—70,000 plants producing shot and shell to use against the German hordes. This must give the Prussian staff pause.

The Germans know that in the end economic pressure will defeat them. It will be a tedious and heartbreaking business, but it must humble Teutonic pride and leave such telling lessons that the world may be free from the horrors of

AND THE DARDANELLES

war for generations. Let the Allies steadfastly hold the Germans during the coming winter, and the spring of 1916 will see a turn in the tide of battle. Help Russia to resist the enemy's assaults and evade the humiliating climax of the loss of one of her important cities. It does not matter if Von Hindenberg winters in Vilna, or Von Mackensen in Brest Litowsk. If they fail decisively to engage the Russians, or to take some important centre such as Kief, Odessa, or Petrograd, before the snows, their magnificent strategy is incomplete in result. The Tzar's forces get a reprieve and the welcome chance to reorganize. France is doing her part. Let England and Italy follow her lead, and the west front is safe. Then in the spring, with a reserve of shells that no action can sensibly diminish, let the Allies make the combined attack that will crush their foe in a vice of steel.

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